

FRANK LESLIE'S LESSON WRITER



NEWSPAPER

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NOTICE.

Look Out for Bogus Illustrations.

We constantly receive information that individuals in various parts of the country fraudulently use our name, claiming to be our artists or correspondents, for the purpose of gaining admission to institutions, public exhibitions, &c. Only this week two persons, claiming to be our artists, gained, upon that ploy, admission to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, where Gerrit Smith is now placed. They went all through the building, and at last requested to see Mr. Smith, but the Superintendent suspected something wrong and refused permission. These men did not see Mr. Smith, but doubtless we shall see some bogus illustrations on this subject in some of the weak imitations of our journal.

For the information of those who have been imposed upon, we now state that our special artists are always duly accredited by letter from us. Our readers will also bear in mind that we have no connection with any other Illustrated Paper, and that in purchasing they should be particular in observing that the name of FRANK LESLIE is on the title page.

GERRIT SMITH, OF PETERBORO'.

We are enabled this week to present our patrons with an accurate likeness of Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro'. This gentleman has so long occupied a large space on the theatre of action, that his name and character has come to be very generally known. The peculiarity of many of his views, and the uniform ability with which he has supported them, has secured to them at all times a prominence which has assured them of public attention. The late event at Harper's Ferry produced no desirable notoriety for those whose opinions were charged with their instrumentality; and from among these Gerrit Smith was easily singled for attack. His immediately ensuing mental derangement thus imparted interest to the drama. The closing scenes at Charlestown absorb hardly less of the public mind than the hours which hang their sad burden upon Mr. Smith. We will endeavor to furnish an accurate, though a brief sketch of his life. It is now some sixty years since Gerrit Smith was born. His father was Peter Smith, a younger son of one of the oldest Dutch families in Tappan. The course of a laborious life of speculation in and settlement of Western lands in the State of New York, led him at an early date into the Valley of the Mohawk, and as far as Utica, then Fort Stanwix, where he settled. It was here that Gerrit Smith was born. His mother was a Livingston, and a daughter of that one of the family who acted as the aid of the lamented Montgomery at the storming of Quebec. His early years were passed amid the trials and vicissitudes of a life upon the border of Western civilization, and was relieved by no companionship but that furnished by an elder brother, Peter Sken Smith, and an only sister, Cornelius, subsequently the wife of Walter L. and the mother of Hon. John Cochrane. These—brother and sister—are now deceased, leaving Gerrit Smith the last survivor of the family of his father. He graduated at twenty-one years of age at Hamilton College, and soon after married the only daughter of Dr. Asa Backus, President. Her death occurred shortly after.

Mr. Smith, in time, married for his second wife Anne Carroll Fitchugh, a daughter of Colonel Fitchugh of Geneva. A large family of children were the fruits of this union; only two of them all, however, survive—Mrs. Miller,

the wife of Colonel Charles D. Miller, of Peterboro', and Green Smith, a young gentleman of about seventeen. The residence of Gerrit Smith has been uniformly at Peterboro'. From this point has he directed his philanthropical and reformatory labors; and here, while pursuing with unabated ardor his cherished schemes, was he overcome by the malady which afflicts him. Those who most intimately know him reject the idea that he could have countenanced or advised the shocking catastrophe at Harper's Ferry. Indeed, its

fearful character caused the controlling horror which affrighted his conscience and shook his reason. A morbid moral excitability, working upon and prostrating an already debilitated physical system, asserted its unhealthy domination, and soon swept judgment into the realms of delusion and phantasy. It is supposed that Mr. Smith's derangement will be temporary. It is in no degree produced by the dread of personal consequences. Though dwelling upon the tortures of which he wildly asserts that he is deserving, he has from the beginning insisted that he would go in person to Virginia. And when at last the sorrow fell that he should be removed to an asylum, it was only upon the pretext that he was to be conveyed to Virginia that he was induced to enter the carriage which bore him to the asylum. It would be useless, and perhaps unkind, to speculate upon the possible causes of Mr. Smith's misfortune. The caterers for the thoughtlessly curious have affected to discover in his family the seeds of hereditary insanity. The few surviving friends and acquaintances of his father, Peter Smith, while vividly remembering his occasional despondency, will certainly smile at the imputation of madness to the sagacious speculator, the energetic pioneer, the strong thinking trader, and the strong acting man. He hardly will be thought by the people of New York to have been the victim of mental alienation, who in his brother-in-law, Daniel Cady, found an admiring friend, and in whom Daniel Cady always found reliable judgment.

The temporary derangement of his brother Peter Sken was the effect of dissipation, which, when relinquished, resulted in his perfect restoration.

The obvious and sufficient cause of such deplorable effects would seem to be that already adverted to—the action of morbid sensibilities upon a largely overtasked and struggling brain. They who remember Gerrit Smith in his youth cannot but shrink from the contrast of his mature manhood with his helpless age. They who have glowed in the genial atmosphere of his large heart and expansive mind will mourn over the mental wreck, and weep over the manacled spirit. The listening audience will await in vain the eloquence which flowed from his lips, to the volume and richness of the organ's deepest notes. The expectant poor will sadly miss his daily tread and open hand, who felt their sorrows, who relieved their wants, and was always to them both counsellor and friend. They who knew Gerrit Smith as a neighbor, who admired his genius, who respected his truth, and loved his humanity; they who knew him as a philanthropist, who wondered at his abilities, and were almost persuaded by his eloquence; they who were attached to him as a friend, who dwelt in his love, and reposed upon his character—all of every class grieve at his misfortune, and hope for his recovery.

A faithful chronicler of events, we have completed these few facts for the public's edification, and accompanied them with reflections which they naturally produce.

We have refrained from the debatable ground of theories, either of principle or of action. It is not our office to enter there. To others belong this obligation. Ours is to note the event, to record the fact; the impression is for the people.



GERRIT SMITH—FROM AN AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED FROM A PRIVATE SOURCE.

RAILROAD EPITAPHS.

Read—Made for Accidents.

Here lies a man whom all men trusted,
He went to Philadelphia—
By railroad, but the biler busted,
And drove his happy soul away.
He was picked up in nineteen pieces,
And was mourned much by nephews and nieces.

One morn I travelled in a car,
And it was drawn by steam,
But human life uncertain are,
And is a fleeting dream—
For when we came unto a stream,
The bridge it was quite rotten,
And down we went from day's bright beam,
Quite smashed and quite forgotten.

Here lies a man who lost his legs,
His head, his arms, his shoulders,
And was, when put upon his pegs,
A sad sight to beholders.
But all who saw him, said, it served
The silly creature right—
All must expect to be so carved,
Who railroad day or night!

I left one leg at Westchester,
And one on Harlem Plains,
At Fordham a small piece was found
All smeared o'er with my brains.
But what became of head and arms,
And rest of my poor body,
Was never known—the engineer
Had drank too much gin toddy.
Oh! ye who have to travel far,
By me this warning take,
Ne'er ride within a railroad car,
It is a great mistake.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Washington Irving, Willis and Kennedy.—The *Home Journal* contains a very pleasant account of a dinner at Sunnyside, where the conversation turned upon beards, the veteran of our literature said that he never could forgive the pleasure of shaving, for it was to him a soporific. Upon this being challenged by both Willis and Kennedy, he explained the matter by saying, that when unable to sleep he invariably got up and shaved. This invariably composed him to sleep. Kennedy mentioned a modest request made to him some years ago by an autograph collector, who wrote to him, asking him to send by return of post the autographs of all the Presidents, those of their Cabinets, and, in short, one specimen, at least, of all the eminent men he had been in correspondence with! Washington Irving is quite recovered from his indisposition.

A Strange Affair.—An eloquence has occurred in California, which has occasioned considerable surprise, owing to the tender years of the girl. Louisa Paulin, the youthful prodigy in the way of acting, singing and dancing, eloped on the 20th ultimo from San Francisco with a young man aged twenty-two. Louisa is only eleven years old. It is supposed they have come to New York.

More Mormon Murders.—The correspondent of the *New York Daily Times* gives a frightful picture of the state of society in Utah. Murder stalks unbridled in open day through all the streets. Seven murders have been committed in broad daylight by the Mormons, and not one of the murderers arrested. What can our Government be about?

Husband Poisoning.—The wickedness of the world progresses. Every day some wife poisons her husband, or vice versa. At North Canton there has been a very suspicious case. A Mr. John Shaller, aged fifty-nine, some two years ago married a young woman of eighteen. She was very beautiful; he was a very well to do farmer. Their honeymoon had little sweetness in it, but they managed to live together despite the flirtations of the fair and frail wife of the farmer. It was in vain that the person talked like a saint to her; she was best upon having her own way. At last the husband died, and was buried. The disconsolate widow took the property, and recommenced her old flirtations. This has led the neighbors to institute a legal inquiry into the manner of the man's death. The body has been exhumed, and is now undergoing the process of chemical analysis.

Execution of Thornton.—Joseph W. Thornton, whose killing of Mr. Charles in St. Louis was illustrated in No. 186, suffered the penalty of his crime on the 11th November, in that city. He met death with great composure. It would seem that the victim of his vengeance was a cold and heartless man, who had provoked his fate by a very cruel persecution of him. Thornton was thirty-eight years old.

A Precious Pair.—A rascal named Hontout, residing in Watervliet, in this State, ran off with his wife's sister, leaving his family to their fate. A warrant being placed in the hands of the officers for his arrest, they started after the guilty pair, and after two weeks pursuit, found them in a snug little cottage near Rochester, where they were busy putting up stove pipes, and making things snug for a surreptitious honeymoon. The lady was taken back to her family, and the seducer was conveyed to jail.

The Bonner Forgery.—The *Springfield Republican* gives the modus operandi in which this forgery was committed. We are afraid the happy pair, whose visit to Europe has thus been nipped in the bud, have not derived that moral advantage from our friend Bonner's excellent paper so happily felt in other quarters. It appears that some two months ago a lady went to Bonner, and subscribed for ten copies of the *Ledger*, handing a fifty dollar bill as payment. Mr. Bonner innocently gave her a check for the balance. From this they found out the bank and got his signature. Nobody has called for the ten copies at the little village she ordered them to be sent to, and the Postmaster of which has never yet had anybody call for them. Beware of all who subscribe for more than one copy.

A Crash—A Four Story Brick Building in Ruins.—The large four-story warehouse and store of Samuel Rockwell & Son, No. 64 Morgan street, Philadelphia, fell with a terrific crash last week. A young man employed in the store was in the building at the time, engaged in sweeping. He heard a crackling, and looking, saw the south front of the store on Morgan street move outward, and leaped out of the back door, which was fortunately left open, and escaped without a scratch. By the time he had reached the street the building was a mass of ruins.

A Notorious Burglar named Rockwell, drowned himself one evening last week while in charge of detectives Lowell and James, of Syracuse. These officers were bringing him from Hudson, where they had arrested him, to Albany, in the New York Express train. As they were crossing the river at Albany, one of the officers named stood by Rockwell's side, the prisoner being handcuffed. Our informant, who was conversing with the officer, remarked Rockwell's advancing a step or two, and in a moment more he darted forward to the bow of the boat and plunged into the river. The boat was stopped and search was made for the villain, dead or alive, but it was made in vain.

A White Man Lynched in Louisiana for Stealing Negroes.—Shreveport, La., has been infested for some time back with bands of thieves and murderers. Several citizens had lost their negroes, and no traces of them could be found. At last Wm. Howell lost a negro, and offered a reward for his recovery. A description of the negro reached the New Orleans police, and they were on the look-out. They apprehended a white man who was travelling under the name of Davis. He was trying to sell a negro answering to the description given of Mr. Howell's, and the police wrote on his of the facts of his apprehension. Two of our citizens went on to the city to recover the property, and bring the thief back to justice. They found the negro to be the missing one of Mr. Howell's, and the thief to be a man who has been living here for about a year back, under the name of Etherington. His real name is supposed to be Henry; but his occupation has caused him to assume various aliases. He had also two more negroes with him which he stole from Dr. Culbertson of this parish. Yesterday morning they reached Shreveport from New Orleans. The rest of the facts are not fully known. Etherington, or Henry, was discovered at daylight suspended by the neck from a tree in the suburbs of the town, quite dead, with his hands and feet chained. He had, undoubtedly, been lynched.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

FRANCE.

A Paris Alhambra.—Among the many elegant notions we have heard of is one that records the intention of a celebrated leader of fashion and lady of princely wealth, the Countess de V., to have her mansion upon the Boulevard entirely fitted up in the style of the Alhambra. The cost will be above a million francs. This is taking a leaf from royalty and making a volume of it—it having been long the intention of the Empress to have a small boudoir fitted up in the Alhambra style, in which will be the full length portraits of the ladies of the court, her best loved friends, introduced, not in the usual, full length fashion, of gold frames, but with characteristic attitudes and effects, so as to represent a life-like scene, after an idea of the Empress herself, whose brilliant fancy and good taste, it need not be said, are proverbial.

Scenes at a Dieppe Card-Room.—A deplorable affair has occurred at Dieppe. For some time the card-room of the bath establishment was frequently publicly announced one evening lately that for the future no one could be admitted unless presented by two persons of known respectability. The measure was at once acted on, and about sixty persons, who could find no one to answer for them, had to leave the card tables. One of these persons bore

the name of Gaillard. This person seeing M. Verdier, the proprietor of the restaurant *Maison Dorée*, at Paris, in the saloon, asked him to vouch for his respectability; but M. Verdier said that though he knew him as one of two thousand persons who are in the habit of frequenting his restaurant, he really could not, to his great regret, take on himself the responsibility solicited. Gaillard made no remark and went away.

The next afternoon, as Verdier was playing at billiards with his father, brother and a friend, Gaillard entered and requested to speak to him in private. Verdier went aside with him, and Gaillard, after some observations on the incident of the previous evening, exclaimed, "Since you doubt that I am a man of honor I will show you who I am!" and at the same moment he pulled a knife from his pocket and raised it menacingly against Verdier. The latter, in great alarm, ran towards the beach, crying to his brother, "Help, Felix, I am in danger of being murdered!" On arriving at the railings which separate the bathing cabins from the promenade, Verdier, in terror, leaped over it, and then stooped to pick up some stones with which to defend himself; but the other, who had followed him closely, stabbed him several times in the back until the knife broke. At this moment the brother of M. Verdier, and several other persons rushed on the assailant and secured him.

As the man was being conveyed to the lock-up, the promenaders, hearing what had taken place, were so indignant that it was not without difficulty that they were prevented from laying violent hands on the man. Medical assistance was immediately procured for M. Verdier. It is hoped that his wounds will not turn out to be dangerous.

ITALY.

At Milan, scandal is busy with an event which has something of the ludicrous. A nobleman of some wealth—who had contracted marriage by civil contract before the legal authorities—found it expedient to disown the tie after a while in order to connect himself with a Milanese lady of great personal attractions. The second marriage was solemnized in church. But the lady in her turn, having been courted by a man of higher rank and greater wealth, instituted proceedings to annul her marriage, upon the plea of bigamy on the part of her husband, alleging now, that his first marriage was legal. The new bonds were published, but the husband of the two wives instituted proceedings to forbid them. The matter is now before the courts, and it remains to be seen whether the husband of two wives is to become a bachelor, and the lady ambitious of a second husband while the first is living is to be pronounced a spinster.

TURKEY.

Holy Rain Water.—The *Journal de Constantinople* gives an account of a curious religious ceremony which has just taken place in that city. It is the reception, by the Sultan, of the golden gutter in which is collected the rain that falls upon the temple at Mecca, and which thenceforward is considered by the Mussulmans as holy water. The gutter has been carried from Mecca, and received by the Sultan with pompous ceremonies. It has been placed in the old palace of Constantinople, where the arms, flags and other memorials of Mohammed are carefully preserved.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The new Opera-House and the new Operas—Marriage of Signorina Garducci—The Théâtre Français and its Prospects—A new Theatre to be Built—Three to be Moved—First Appearance of Falstaff and Queen Elizabeth in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mme. Ugalde's Latest Folly—Lamartine's Lectures that are to be.

PARIS, Oct. 31, 1859.

The site of the new opera-house is fixed upon. The place chosen is the middle of a quadrilateral formed by four adjacent streets, three of which are the Rue de Rouen—which is to be made to connect the Rue de la Paix to the Havre railway station—a prolongation of the Rue de Lafayette and the Boulevard. The building is to be finished in a year and a half from this time.

Meanwhile the time for the reappearance of "Herculanum" on the boards of the old opera-house draws near. The management thought to have a ballet from M. Scribe, but the old stager's price is more than they care to pay just now, so the idea is abandoned.

Apropos of operas, there is to be a perfect harvest of new ones.

1. M. Henri Blaze has written a drama in five acts, entitled "The Youth of Goethe." Meyerbeer has taken a fancy to it, and proposes to broder it with music. The drama, treating of a peculiar and romanesque period (still called in Germany "The Period of Troubadour and of Longing"), and bringing on the scene men who seem created expressly for the theatre, could not fail to impress by its dramatic earnestness the mind of the great composer. This association of great musical genius to true literary talent cannot fail to produce the best results. Add to this a *mise en scène* of unheard-of magnificence, and you have something worth the journey to Paris to see. Strange to say, this budding *chef d'œuvre* will not be produced at the Grand Opera nor even at the *Opéra Comique*. According to present appearances, it will be brought out at one of the large theatres on the Boulevard.

2. Berlioz has just finished an opera in five acts, which he has assiduously worked at for the last two years. He entitles it "The Trojans." The plot embraces the two great civilized nations of antiquity—the people of Asia and those of Greece, or rather of Europe. Berlioz, who has written the poem as well as composed the music to "The Trojans," recently gave the *défunte* of Baden-Baden an opportunity to judge of its merits. Two fragments of the opera were executed; both duos, but of very different characters. The first is a complete poem of music; the second a chant, graceful and melancholy. Both excited the greatest enthusiasm, and the second had the honors of an encore. If the rest of the partition is equal to the part already heard, Berlioz may congratulate himself upon having written a *chef d'œuvre*.

3. Madame Borghi-Mamo, now at the *Italiens*, her place at the Grand Opera being filled by Vestval, has had an opera written especially for her by M. Braga. M. Braga, whose performance on the violincello is something wonderful, brought out an opera in Vienna two years ago which had a very great success. The name of his new opera is "Cuore di Madre."

The lyric stage has lost one of its shining lights. That brilliant cantatrice, La Garducci, has just married the Neapolitan duke, De Civilli, at Dublin.

It is said that on the very day of her marriage the artiste, a slave to her duty, sang in the "Favorita" with the greatest success.

The new Duchess of Civilli had signed last year a six months' engagement with the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, dating from the 4th of October, 1859.

But the Neapolitan opera-goers are doomed to disappointment.

There will be no Garducci for them.

The Civilli family have brought out their money-bags.

With uncounted gold the contract has been annulled.

The Neapolitan have gone into mourning in consequence.

La Garducci is really to be lamented. She is a charming singer and a beautiful woman. To show the diversity of her talent, I need only echo the recorded verdict that she excelled in the rôle of Rosina in "Il Barbiere," and in that of Azucena in the "Trovatore."

The Théâtre Français is doubly fortunate just now.

It has got rid of its nightmare in the shape of M. Empis, the least intelligent of all managers, Parisian or otherwise.

And the "civil list," whoever or whatever that may be, have concurred with the new management to enlarge the theatre.

The new manager is M. Edward Thierry, a writer of considerable merit.

In the way of new plays at this theatre, Mdlle. Augustine Brohan has had a *proverbe* received which report says is charming. The title has not transpired, but I am inclined to think it the same piece played before a select company of the *litterati* and the fashionables at Baden-Baden last month, *Qui l'emme a, Guerre a* ("Whoever has a Wife has War").

M. Ernest Legouvé's new comedy, *Un jeune homme qui ne faille rien* ("A Do-nothing Young Man"), just accepted at the same theatre, is in one act and in verse.

The company at the *Frangais* are now rehearsing a one-act comedy in prose by M. Théodore Barrière, entitled *Le Feu au Couvent* ("Fire in the Convent").

M. Edmond About has also had a one-act piece accepted, entitled "The Education of a Prince," and is shortly to read a comedy in five acts, which he has named *Le Mauvais Géol*.

A great deal of talk has been made here of late about building a theatre to the Prince Imperial.

Now it is an *affaire arrangé* so far as the theatre is concerned.

Whether it will be called the Théâtre du Prince Imperial or no is not yet settled.

The new theatre is to be located in the Place du Châtelet, where

Cartouche was broken alive on the wheel, you remember, or know if you have read M. Barthélemy Maurice's recently published authentic "Life" of that king of robbers.

The municipality also think of moving two of the Boulevard du Temple theatres to this above-mentioned quarter of the city.

Nothing is yet decided in the matter, however. The theatres spoken of are the Théâtre Lyrique and the Théâtre des Délasses.

The famous Théâtre-Séraphin, the child's theatre of Paris, has abandoned the classic ground of the Palais-Royal and taken to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Its new locality is the Boulevard Montmartre.

Thus withers one of the few remaining flowers in the chapter of the Palais Royal, while the Boulevard, now its successful rival, is the gainer by an establishment whose celebrity ought to be European by this time, if we may judge by the number of spectators who have "assisted" at the epopees of "The Broken Bridge," "Punished Pride," "The Good Charcoal Man," and at the wondrous performances of the mechanical rope-dancer.

The *Courrier de Lyon* of the 30th, speaking of the performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in that city the evening before, says that in the third act, in the well-known scene between Queen Elizabeth and Falstaff, "so and so occurred. The incident is unimportant.

That Queen Elizabeth and Falstaff figure in the French version of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," will be a refreshing item, I think, to the bard's commentators.

Mixing up "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with the "Dream," and lugging the virgin queen bodily into the mess, is something which the mind of a French dramatist alone (*Laus Deo!*) could have conceived.

I suspect that Ponsard, the man who calls Shakespeare "the divine Williams," is at the bottom of this.

On fait des folies à tout âge. Mme. Ugalde has taken to herself a second husband, the composer Varcolier.

Mme. Ugalde is past forty, and came very near being murdered by her first husband.

Wherefore I pity her second, regarding him as an assassin in the bud.

Lamartine's last dodge to raise the money wherewith to satisfy those insatiate creditors of his is as follows: This winter he intends to give a course of twenty lectures on literature and poetry.

The place chosen is the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées. The price of admission is fixed at five francs.

The hall will hold twenty-five thousand people. If it is full each time the illustrious poet may easily pay off his debts

But the people are tired of Lamartine. His hat has been passed around too often. And that the lectures will be a failure is the humble opinion of the undersigned.

FRANÇOIS.

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John,

Author of "Quadroona," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

THEY dined—poor thoughtless moths, fluttering round the flame of pleasure—they dined together as young lovers only do dine, careless of the viands before them, feeding rather on the light of each other's eyes, the words of love which fell like

pass and nothing else. They were evidently strongly built, and the windows barred with iron.
Inside were closely drawn curtains.
"Why, what in the name of wonder are those boxes for?" said Frank.
"I knew they would surprise you," replied Cecile, with a smile.
"Those mysterious boxes have surprised many. It was to see them I brought you here."

"But what are they for: what do they contain?" cried Frank.
"Women."

"Women!" exclaimed Frank, making a step forward.
"There you go—you are just like the rest. The moment they know their curiosity is inflamed, their imagination is fired. I shall not tell monsieur another word."

"Nonsense, Cecile," cried Frank, laughing, "don't keep me in suspense. It's dreadfully cruel of you."

"Well, since you do look so imploringly, I suppose I must. The thing is this. Certain ladies of rank and position in society having expressed a wish to be present at our green table, the enterprising owner had these boxes erected for their special use. They enter by a private door, pass along a passage, and no one has ever been able to discover who they are—look!"

The curtain trembled as she spoke, and when Frank Wilton looked he saw a delicate white hand pass through the opening and lay down a note of the Bank of France.

"It is the same every night," said Cecile, in continuation, "from the moment play begins until it ceases; there she is—always the same delicate white hand, without ring or ornament that might be recognised."

"It is very strange," replied Frank Wilton, in a musing tone.

"The other box is usually unoccupied—there being no one rich or patient enough, I suppose, to occupy it regularly—but no, I am wrong, some new votary of Mammon has been found—see!" she cried.

And as she spoke a hand, fairer, whiter and more plump than the other, protruded from the box, while a slight disarrangement of the curtains showed the glowing bust of a beautiful woman.

But she was masked.

And yet there was scarcely any notice taken of her by any present, while she herself scrutinised the features of every one present.

There was a vacant seat just opposite her box. Frank Wilton advanced and took possession of it. A low murmur went round the room; his appearance, manner, everything conspired to show he was a new player.

They welcomed him heartily to the purloins of Pandemonium.

Cecile, whose countenance was flushed, came and leaned over the back of his chair, meeting the fixed gaze of the lady of the mask with a dark scowl.

She knew it was not love for gambling had taken Frank to the table, but some irresistible impulse in relation to the masked lady.

Now, these boxes were sometimes used for other purposes than mere gambling. Jealous wives, and equally jealous mistresses, had availed themselves of them to watch a suspected lover.

The Cleopatras, too, who hired them, sometimes had been known to take a penchant to some more fascinating of the players, and an introduction speedily followed.

Cecile felt none of the security which accompanies the fruition of heaven blessed passion. She lived in a constant atmosphere of doubt, of dread, of fear—she was terrified at the merest shadow.

"Make your game; the game is made," cried the croupier.

Frank mechanically placed a thousand francs on the table.

He backed the red.

Red it was.

Once, twice, thrice, the same occurred, and the banker looked uneasy. He had an impression on his mind that one of those runs upon the bank which sometimes defeat all the machinations of deceit and trickery was about to set in.

Frank had not withdrawn his note, so that the first time his capital had increased to two thousand, the second to four, the third to eight.

"Make your game, gentlemen, make your game," cried the croupier.

Frank Wilton pushed forward his notes.

"Does monsieur go the whole?" said the banker, with great politeness.

"Yes."

"On the red?"

"Yes."

"Red it is."

Everybody ceased playing to watch this duel between the lucky foreigner and the bank. It was excitement enough without troubling themselves to risk money.

"Make your game."

Frank Wilton was about to divide his money—sixteen thousand francs—when the masked lady gave the slightest shake of her head.

With a bounding heart the young officer pushed forward the whole of his money, and again he was successful.

The banker's tones became more hoarse. The affair was becoming serious. The bank had been winning considerably for some time, but a run was always alarming. Their only hope was to spoil the vein, by dividing his stakes.

"How much?" blandly said the croupier.

"All," replied Frank, himself now within the magic influence of the fierce and gnawing excitement of the game.

The ball rolled, and once again the red was a victor. His wins were sixty-four thousand francs.

"Stop," whispered Cecile over his shoulder.

"Go on," as plainly said the masked stranger.

Wilton was truly now within reach of the quicksands and whirlpools of life; he was, moreover, in one of those perverse moods when men are not to be advised for their good.

"All," replied Frank, in answer to the usual question.

Cecile frowned, and looked across to the lady of the mask, who tossed her head with a significance which plainly said "creature."

Cecile darted a glance of fire at her, and then strode away.

Frank Wilton was a winner of a hundred and twenty-eight thousand francs.

"This is becoming very serious," said the owner of the bank very blandly, after a whispered conference with Madame Cremieux;

"had not monsieur better lessen his stakes?"

"Is the bank broken?" said Frank, in a dogged, husky tone.

"No; but—"

"As long as the bank is open I shall play," said the perverse young gambler.

"Make your game; the ball rolls."

The progress of the ball was now watched with intense excitement, and a perfect shriek burst from every lip as again Frank Wilton was a winner.

Two hundred and fifty-six thousand francs—ten thousand pounds!

The banker's face was now in study. He was a Jew, and his pale, cadaverous countenance, lank hair, and bull neck reeked with perspiration.

"Make your game; the game is made."

It was like the accents of a man at the foot of the gallows.

Every hand shook as with the palsy. The lady in the mysterious closet pulled aside the curtain to look at the handsome young foreigner who was breaking the bank. The masked lady opened her grating and leaned forward over the table.

"The red wins!" cried the croupier, dashing down a thick parcel of notes. "The bank is closed for to-night."

Frank Wilton stood dizzy, wild, his head on fire, the winner of twenty thousand guineas!

He had broken the bank.

Everybody was so intent upon gazing at the magic pile, representing this enormous fortune, that they did not notice the by-play going on.

The lady in the first cell opened a little side trap and passed a pencilled note to the croupier, who simply nodded.

Just as the fatal words announced that the bank had ceased playing for the night, the fair lady of the second leaned forward to gaze more freely on the scene, and as if to whisper to Frank. Quick as lightning a hand was advanced, and the strings of the mask were cut.

The curtains fell instantly behind the grated window, but not before Cecile de Vaux had seen enough of the woman concealed to be able to know her again.

The face, however, was totally unknown to her.

Frank was collecting his money and secreting it about his person, when he was accosted by his friends.

"What diabolical luck," said Stephen, whose face was deadly pale.

"Fortune is a strange creature," added the marquis, who, with

the other, had but recently come in; "but I should like to try if she would prove fickle to-night; what say you, Wilton?"

"No more to-night," said Cecile, with a little dry, caustic laugh.

"Monsieur Wilton will not disgrace his reputation. He has won a fortune; let him rest awhile."

"Does monsieur already take orders from madame?" said the marquis, hissing the words through his set teeth as if he had been dropping lead into water.

"Monsieur the marquis, I take orders from no one; but I shall play no more. Some other night."

"Never," said a venerable gentleman, a celebrated orator and politician, tapping him benignantly on the shoulder. "Take the advice of one who knows the world; such fortune will never occur again. Keep your money—it is a provision for life."

"Monsieur is very kind," said Frank, with a low bow. "I will think the matter over."

He then, with another low bow, took Cecile's arm. Half a dozen stylishly dressed women, who were now waiting for their cavaliers, looked at her with an air of envy not unmixed with awe.

They regarded his winnings as legitimate plunder.

"Good evening," said the marquis, scarcely able to restrain his anger. "Monsieur is doubly fortunate."

"How so?" replied Frank, turning slowly round and facing him. Everybody paused.

"In love and war," pointing to the imaginary field upon which the late battle had been fought.

"Sir," said Frank, very calmly, "this is neither the hour nor the place to get up a quarrel. I should not like it to go forth that I fought in a gambling-house quarrel. I hope monsieur has no share in the bank; if so, I regret his misfortune, but I understand his anger. If monsieur the marquis wants me he knows where to find me."

There was a well-bred titter, that was all; but it excited the marquis to madness. His suspected co-operation in the affairs of the bank was matter of daily conversation.

"Sir, this insolence—"

"Monsieur the marquis," began the old gentleman, severely, "this gentleman has acted with temper, judgment and discretion. Any further provocation now will be the act of a bravo, rather than a man of honor. I for one shall decline to sit in the same club with monsieur the marquis if this goes any further. I suppose monsieur the marquis would not expect me to fight him?"

The adventurer winced. He knew the great man was aware of his real character, and could pillory him effectually, associating only with him as a matter of convenience. He was, therefore, compelled to yield.

"I really have to apologise," he said; "there are wounded feelings," this with an expressive glance at Cecile, "which make one forget oneself."

"Monsieur," said Cecile, restraining a hasty movement on the part of Frank, "never had any feelings that I know of. If insulting a woman for three years with hateful and hated addresses, because she had no one to defend her, be wounded feelings, it is something new to me. But I have too much contempt for the person to wish any one to take up my quarrel. Come, mon ami!"

And she actually dragged the irritated lieutenant away, leaving the marquis to his reflections.

"I must kill him," muttered the marquis, *alias* Burke.

"Not you," said Stephen; "win his money and break his heart."

"But I will have revenge."

"We can talk of that over a glass," replied Stephen.

Meanwhile Frank and Cecile had arrived at their apartments, which, with over half a million francs in their pockets, appeared mesquine enough.

"Why do you check me? That man's insults are intolerable. To dare—"

"Frank, do you believe me?"

"Your simplest word."

"Then take no notice of that man. You never had a rival, and never will. I have amused myself with him as I would with a buffoon, that is all. And now, what are you going to do with your money?"

"Buy a chateau in the country, and live there in peace and happiness. I have made up my mind I will never gamble again. It is a stroke of fortune which can never occur twice. I will tempt the fickle goddess no more."

"Oh, Frank, if you could keep this resolution, it would be glorious indeed. What a triumph over sharpers and knaves! But could you be happy in the country?"

"I adore the country; to ride, to shoot, to fish are my delights!" he cried with animation.

"I must leave the stage."

"Of course; that is my chief delight in having won; I will pay your forfeit before twelve to-morrow."

"Oh, Francois, how good you are!"

"But, Cecile, if we go to live in the country, you must resign yourself to the prosaic position of a wife."

"Would you have me?" she said, in a low, tender voice.

"It would be my greatest happiness."

"But we cannot marry."

"You must have the consent of your parents and guardians."

"Am I not a man—free to act as I please?"

"Not in France. Until five-and-twenty you are under parental control. Hence so few imprudent marriages, and so many fatal liaisons."

"Then we will to England and marry there!" cried Frank, as he rose to lock up his money.

A note dropped on the carpet.

Cecile took it up carelessly. It was hastily written in pencil.

She opened it abstractedly. But now her eyes flash, her cheeks become deadly pale, and she gasps for breath.

As Frank Wilton came back she hurriedly concealed the note in her bosom.

Frank Wilton has yet to learn that great as are youth's temptations in poverty they are nothing to what they are in wealth.

(To be continued.)

DEATH ON COONS.—A hoosier sold a neighbor a dog which he recommended as first-rate for raccoon hunting.

Shortly after the purchaser met his neighbor,

"I say, friend, this ere dog don't know a coon from a sheep."

"You've tried him, ha?"

"Yes, and he ain't worth a cent."

"Well, I didn't know exactly how that was; but as he wasn't good for nothing else, I thought he must be death on coons."

NO LAWYER.—At a criminal court lately, the counsel, dissatisfied at his want of success with an Irish witness, complained to the court.

Pat—"An shure I'm no lawyer, yer honor, an the spalpane only wants to bother me."

Lawyer—"Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?"

Witness—"Faix and I do; and ye may swear the same about yourself, too, without fear of perjury."

A GOOD RETORT.—Word was sent by Mr. H.—, a defeated candidate, to a married lady, who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband on election day to the opposite party, to the following effect: "Go and tell Mrs. —— that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a pair of pantaloons, for her political services." "Go and tell Mr. H.—," was the reply, "to send them along at once. Don't forget to tell him that I want a new pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn out."

SEVERE ON THE M. P.'S.—"Pray, poleshman," said a saucy jade from the Emerald Isle, "why do you wear that white thing round one of your wrists?"

"To show we are on duty," was the reply.

"Och by the powers, I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left."

ONLY MAKING LOVE.—"Vat you make dare?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter who was being kissed very clamorously.

"Oh, not much, only courting a little, dat's all, dat's all."

MR. AND MRS. H. DRAYTON.

For many years our musical circles have been familiar with the name of Drayton. At one time it was heard of in Paris, at another in Bordeaux, then in Toulouse and finally in London, where he became one of its recognised celebrities.

Henri Drayton was born in Philadelphia, somewhere about the year 1822, and is, consequently, in his thirty-seventh year. He studied as a Civil Engineer, under Professors Eaton and Dr. Nott, at Van Rensselaer College, Troy, at which institution he took B. A. degree. He then visited Washington, and mixing in the best society, his fine voice and his natural aptness for singing, gave him a brilliant currency in the most refined circles. His remarkable popularity as an amateur singer awakened ambitious thoughts, and he threw up a lucrative office and went to Paris with a view to study with the best masters. After some difficulty he gained admittance as pupil to the Conservatoire at Paris, he being the first American ever admitted to that institution in that capacity. He studied with Lavasseur, and made such decided progress, that in 1848 he left the Conservatoire, bearing with him the highest honors.

Labiache, who was a kind friend to him, first induced him to try the stage, encouraging him by every means in his power. His first appearance in opera was in the character of Bertram, in "Robert Le Diable," at Court, before Louis Philippe. His success was decided, and had there been a vacancy he would have appeared at the Grand Opera, but his fame procured him an offer to proceed to Nantes and assume the position of primo basso. He went, and endured the usual ordeal, of which he knew nothing before his arrival.

This ordeal is severe. The new singer is heard twice, and on the third night a system of balloting is adopted which is as follows: on entering the theatre, every one receives a mark which is retained until the curtain falls upon the last act but one. Before the curtain rises again, a ballot-box is passed round with a hole in front sufficiently large to insert the hand, and a cavity to the right and to the left which is "yes" or "no," approval or dismissal. Think how the poor artist is trembling during this terrible intermission which is to terminate in his success or failure. When the ballot is completed the box is given to a Commissary of Police, who mounts the stage, counts the ballots and proclaim the public decision. In Mr. Drayton's case he was elected to remain, unanimously.

After fulfilling his engagement at Nantes, he was engaged the following years at Bordeaux and Toulouse, when he was recalled at the instance of his old master Lavasseur, to Paris, to sustain the principal bass part in "Le Prophète," then about to be produced for the first time under the direction of its author, Meyerbeer. This was an honor of which our young American might well be proud. But, alas, for his ambitious aspirations! Before he had reached the capital, Meyerbeer had persuaded Lavasseur, who was his intimate friend, to sustain the character, old as he was, and after having retired from the operatic stage for seven years.

Drayton bore his disappointment philosophically, and went with Alboni to Brussels, where his success was great, and he became very popular. After this he went to Antwerp, where John Mitchell, of Bond street, London, known all over the world, heard him, and offered him an engagement forthwith. His first appearance in London was at the St. James's Theatre, in an opera said to have been composed by the King of Holland, but which was rumored to be the work of his Cappel Meister, and which was played four times before the Queen of England at her special command.

Under ordinary circumstances, the *gold* he obtained in the opera would have established his position, but at that time the rival operatic factions were so hotly engaged, that a stranger stood no chance, and Mr. Drayton found himself in that great Babel City, isolated and unfriended, and without an engagement.

But our motto, "go ahead," was well remembered by Drayton, and he determined to get a hearing, believing that he only needed the chance to make for himself a firm and fair position. In accordance with this determination, he accepted a nominal salary at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of the poet Bunn. He appeared and made a striking hit—was congratulated on all sides, and received an invitation to visit Mr. Bunn in his private office. The great poet manager was surrounded by a troop of celebrities—Davison, of the *Times*, Oxenford, Chorley and other great critics—besides lords, sirs, &c. Drayton received the ovation due to his success with becoming modesty, but was completely overwhelmed when the great Alfred took him aside and said, "My dear boy, you've made a hit—I must do something for you—I'll double your salary—you will draw ten pounds a week from my treasury from next Saturday."

What could be more handsome? this voluntary and specific acknowledgment of ability was a reality—there was no flattery in that! The sum was contemptible, to be sure, but the position was obtained and the money acknowledgment would come hereafter.

Accordingly, on the Saturday week following, Drayton went to the treasury for his salary—his increased salary. The treasurer

handed it with a smile. But after counting the sum, Drayton returned it, saying, "Mr. Dunn, there is some mistake; that is but five pounds."

"Certainly, five pounds as usual."

"But, Mr. Bunn told me I was to receive ten pounds a week, in future."

"Oh!" said old Dunn, "that's a very different affair. In that case, my dear Mr. Drayton, I've nothing for you, for last Saturday Mr. Bunn gave orders to pay no salaries, for the present, above five pounds."

He went and earnestly requested the manager to put him back to his original salary, but the chivalrous Alfred, the poet, would not hear of it. "No, no!" he said, "it is beneath you—you deserve the increased salary, indeed you do, and you shall have it—it shall appear on my books—it shall, indeed, my boy."

The great poet Alfred had done poor Drayton completely, and for ten weeks that fatal "raise" kept him from receiving any return for his labor.

The instability of managers induced Mr. Drayton to strike out some speculation on his own account. He engaged an opera troupe and started for the Provinces, where he met with varied success, the total results, however, being largely in his favor, often paying everything. The immense expense, however, made him reflect, and having in the interim married a lady of excellent talent, he planned out an entertainment in which himself and wife, a conductor and an orchestra, would be the whole company and do the whole work. This plan was the *Parlor Opera*.

Miss Susannah Lowe, now Mrs. Drayton, was born in London, and studied for several years as a pianist, in which branch she promised to become eminent, but her friends persuaded her to cultivate her fine voice, and in accordance with their wishes, which tallied well with her own, she placed herself under the tuition of Schira (Louise Pyne's master), to whose teaching she did ample justice. She first appeared on the stage under Miss Romer's management, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula." She made a decided success and re-

mained prima donna of the company during three seasons. She subsequently sang at Drury Lane Theatre and afterwards at Covent Garden, in which beautiful theatre she sang as Amina in "La Sonnambula," the last note that ever echoed within its walls—within an hour or two afterwards the vast building was a heap of smoking ruins.

Previous to this, however, she had become the pupil and the wife of Mr. Drayton.



WYN-YAN-WAKA, WIFE OF MUNYAN-EE-KA.



MUNYAN-EE-KA, CHIEF OF THE CONCHOS.



THE CORONATION OF SCHILLER'S BUST AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NOV. 10, 1859.—SEE PAGE 411.

The Parlor Operas, some two or three years ago and after a time, became the rage wherever the Draytons appeared. They are so constructed that the two performers keep up the incident and action from beginning to end, involving many changes of character and dress, abounding with charming music. The libretti are chiefly written by Mr. Drayton, while the music is either specially composed by or adapted from the works of celebrated composers. The pieces are full of life, spirit, sentiment and humor, and so excellent is the singing and the acting that no feeling of weariness afflicts the audience, who, on the contrary, wish for more.

The Draytons are now playing at their Parlor Opera House (formerly Hope Chapel), opposite the New York Hotel, Broadway, where they are drawing crowded audiences every evening. Their entertainments are indeed most charming and amusing, and we can assure all our friends who visit them an evening of real downright enjoyment.

MUNYAN-ERI-KA, CHIEF OF THE CONCOWS.

The mountain fastnesses of California are, for the greater part, infested with tribes of hostile Indians, who descend from time to time upon the surrounding country, pillage the farm-houses and murder the inmates.

Munyan-eri-ka was one of the most intelligent, powerful and desperate of the Indian chiefs who have inhabited these mountains west of the Sierra Nevada. The aggressions of this chief were carried to such an extent that, on the 15th of August last a company of volunteers was organized at Red Bluff, to proceed against and, if possible, capture him.

Captain William Byrnes led the expedition on the 15th of September. It was entirely successful. Munyan-eri-ka, his wife and one hundred of the warriors of his tribe (the Concows) were taken prisoners.

The capture of such a redoubtable enemy was hailed with joy by the people of the settlements in the vicinity of these mountains.

Munyan-eri-ka is now held "in durance vile" by the white settlers. His wife, Wyn-yan-waka, shares his captivity, clinging still to her husband with true womanly ardor and affection. A Californian correspondent has sent us photographs of this couple, careful engravings of which herewith appear.

THE MYSTERY OF KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.—LORD TEMPLEMORE PURSUES HIS PURPOSE IN THE MANSION AT KNIGHTRIDERS—THE DEATH FANG—THE MYSTERY OF THE BOWER-CHAMBER.

The concealed door behind the statue in the old mansion of Knightriders had closed with a sharp sound, and Lord Templemore was in a narrow passage that only admitted one person at any time to walk along it, and then not without brushing the walls with his or her apparel.

There was an awful, sepulchral kind of stillness about the place. It would seem as if no sound indicative of the existence of a great world without could ever, by any possibility, have penetrated to that secret portion of the mansion. The air there was heavy and damp: it seemed just lazily to move before the head of Lord Templemore, as if making way for him, and then closing up, with a palpable kind of feel, behind him.

And the dust lay thickly there, too—the dust of long years. How it had, through mysterious nooks and crannies, found its way into that closed-up place, seemed a mystery, but there it was, and it fluttered about, and lodged upon his rich apparel, and he felt it on his eyelids and on his lips. The little lantern, in the circumscribed space it now had to light, did its duty well; and that man and his strongly-

defined shadow walked on slowly and steadily. His lips were compressed, and he was trying to look haughty, and cold, and stern, and a little contemptuous, too, and sarcastic, as though he would laugh down, even in himself and by himself, any exhibition of human feeling that might be struggling in his cold, obtuse heart.

There was something he had to do in that old mansion—some strong, or apparently strong, necessity had presented itself to his mind, or he would not have been there—he, that *blast* man of fashion—he, that man of the world, worldly—and so he was trying to steel himself for the undertaking—to philosophise—to think of the dead as just of so much inert matter; for it was with the dead he had to do.

And so on, through that narrow passage, carrying the light above his head, so that its rays should project upon the path before him, went Lord Templemore, until he came to a point at which the passage divided to the right and to the left, and the sharp abrupt angle of masonry that was immediately before him suggested the

presence of some wall of the building that had an eccentric-shaped room on its other side.

Lord Templemore did not hesitate a moment, but took the left hand passage, and at about twenty paces down it he paused and looked carefully about him, until he saw a long slender something that looked like a sharp straight streak of rust, or some accidental discoloration in the stonework of which the wall was composed.

"This is the spring," he said, in a low, whispering voice; "this is the spring. I am there."

He could not have spoken aloud just then had his life depended upon so doing. An inconceivable and awful feeling of alarm and awe was creeping over him; he did not like to confess it to himself, although he did practically do so by another remark he made.

"It is the silence," he said—"it is the absolute stillness—that is all, that is all! And what would I have else—what would I have else?"

Then he ran his finger over the thin streak of rust, and pressed as



The Mansion of Knightriders.

heavily as he could upon the lower portion of it which bent inwards. It was, after all, a steel spring, and the color it had assumed was due to the oxidation caused by successive winters, the damps of which had managed to penetrate into that place.

Then there was a visible movement about one of the square stones of which the wall was composed, and it slowly, on some concealed hinges, moved outwards. There was just space enough for any one to get through of ordinary bulk, and Lord Templemore stepped over the sort of step made by the lower stone, and stood in a narrower passage than the one he had been traversing. Something glittered before his eyes; it was a gilt or lacquered knob, which had resisted change of color. He placed his hand upon it and opened a tall, narrow door, very similar to the one behind the statue. All was absolute darkness within this door, and although he projected the light forward, its rays failed to penetrate far enough to see the limit of the chamber or apartment to which the door communicated.

And now Lord Templemore shook a little.

"Well," he said, with an affectation of bravado that his straining eyes and blanched cheeks belied, "well, what now? Am I then, at the eleventh hour, about to play the fool and become the prey of my own fears? No, no! It has to be done! The well is deep, and it will keep such a secret. This should have been done long ago—long ago. I wonder how she looks now?"

It was with a perceptible shudder that Lord Templemore uttered these words, and still he paused at the entrance to the apartment which he had sought with so much trouble and care. Once he seemed to think that the lantern was failing him, for he looked anxiously at it, and then muttering some unintelligible words, he, slowly as foot could fall, advanced into the room, for room it was, that that tall narrow door communicated with.

"It was a cunning freak of the architect, be he whom he may," said Lord Templemore, in a deep-toned whisper, "to construct such an apartment as this in the thickness of the walls of a tower, and yet so hide it that nothing should seem wanting to the mansion. It is so, and rare was the chance that disclosed it to me. Never did I think to set foot within this place again; but I am here, and there is work to do. I will do it, for what should I fear? Fear? Is not my motto 'Fearing nothing, believing—'?"

The word "nothing" faltered on his lips, and died away in an inarticulate murmur. His heart beat painfully and hurriedly, for he could not convince himself that a faint sound that seemed to pass him was other than a sigh. Did superstition, after all, lurk at the bottom of the heart of that bold sceptic?

It took Lord Templemore several minutes before he could gather strength of heart to proceed, and it was a great relief to him to hear a sharp, crackling, rumbling sound, which he defined to be thunder. It connected him, so to speak, with the outer world, and he did not feel so completely alone in that dismal old mansion, which otherwise belonged only to him and to the dead!

With determination now stamped on his pale features he strode forward. He passed the narrow doorway, and entered an apartment of most peculiar shape. It was not above six or seven feet in width, for it had been constructed so as to be hidden, and its existence unsuspected by a casual observer of the building—but it was about thirty feet in length, and formed a segment of a large circle, so that if you stood in the very centre of it, it would be as much as you could do to see either end.

There was no means by which the light of day could reach this room. It was enclosed by dense walls on all sides, and but for the lantern which Lord Templemore carried, the most profound darkness must have reigned within it; and yet there was air enough. Through mysterious apertures there must have been the means of providing ventilation to the place, for the flame of the lantern burnt steadily.

Lord Templemore recoiled, though, when he had advanced two steps into this room, for the odor of a charnel-house was within it, and no vault devoted to decaying humanity could possibly have betrayed its purpose more to the senses than did that place.

Then Lord Templemore placed the lantern on a little bracket, the recesses of which showed the remains of tarnished gilding; and he took from his pocket a small vial, and casting away the glass stopper, he placed it likewise on the bracket.

Some subtle disinfecting odor came from the vial, and in the course of a few seconds not a vestige of the charnel-house scent was left in the room. He drew a long breath of relief, and keeping his back towards one portion of the apartment, he pressed his hands upon his face for a moment, and then repeated those words with which, before, he had tried to give himself courage:

"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures."

"What should I fear," he added, "I who fear nothing? Well, well, I am here—John, Lord Templemore; it is necessary for me to be here. Be it so. She who is to bring such a fortune to gild my title, that it will shine forth in the great world again with more lustre than it ever exhibited, has the fancy, absurd and much combated by me, of holding high state at Knightriders, and so it would be more than dangerous to have a secret above the earth which the recesses of the earth may better hide. That is all—that is all!"

Slowly, as he spoke, now he turned upon his heels, and cast his eyes in the other direction of the long, crescent-shaped room. The lantern shed a tolerable light, and at about a dozen paces from him he saw the object that he expected to see—that in his heart he dreaded to look upon, but which a stern necessity had compelled him to encounter.

A thick and gorgeous carpet covered the floor of the room. The walls were hung with silken tapestry—the roof was a marvel of golden fretwork—some old richly-carved chairs were there, covered in faded green satin. One of those chairs—one with a high back to it and spacious arms—was so placed in the middle of the floor that, as Lord Templemore now looked towards it, its back could only meet his gaze.

A silken scarf seemed tied round the back of the chair, the ends of which hung half way to the floor, and streaming over one of the arms, and touching the floor, on which it rested, was a mass of something that the light from the lantern did not well define.

Lord Templemore, however, had a foreknowledge, and he knew well what that something was. It consisted of a mass of beautiful hair, in long, waving ringlets, which had streamed down in this fashion, and rested on the dust-covered carpet.

And now the fancy might create strange fantasies out of that sight which Lord Templemore gazed upon, with the color gone from his lips, and his heart beating painfully and sluggishly. That abundance of beautiful tresses must come from some form that sat in that chair, in life or in death. That silken scarf might enfold the sad remains of some one who had come by death in that place, and who still sat there, a fearful spectacle to any eyes that might chance to light upon it; but, oh! how doubly fearful—how agonizing to any one who might, with gentle thoughts and loving aspirations, have known the fair being whose sad mortality inhabited that chamber! But worst of all—soul sickening—haunting with a despair that shall know no comforting—a remorse that shall be as a serpent gnawing at the heart's core—shall that sight be to him who has been the cause of the spectacle—the murderer whose red hand had done the deed—the living soul that has sent the better part of that frail decaying structure to its Maker.

That man was Lord Templemore.

He stood as if entranced. He saw the long golden-colored hair flowing to the floor. He saw the scarf which he himself had tied. There was the knot that he had tightened, and he knew the sight that would meet his gaze when he should summon courage to pass round that chair and face its occupant.

In a half screaming, harsh, awful tone he now spoke, and the rumbling of the thunder from without seemed at intervals to accompany his words.

"She was false to me—false to me—I know she was! She loved another, and—Well, she stood between me and my fairer fortune. No more; she is no more now. What is that?"

He paused a moment, for he thought he heard, even through the thick walls that surrounded him, faintly in the distance, cries and shouts; but the sounds died away again, and all was still.

With a slow, staggering gait, Lord Templemore passed over the distance that separated him from the chair. It was difficult to pass it in that very narrow room and not touch it with his apparel; but he contrived to do so. There stood another chair exactly opposite, —face to face with this one, with the scarf bound around it—at about six or eight feet distant from it. At the foot of that chair lay a travelling cap and glove.

Slowly—very slowly, Lord Templemore, as he laid his hand upon the arm of that other chair, turned and faced the one that seemed to be occupied.

A shriek of horror burst from his lips, and he sank into the chair at the foot of which lay the cap and the glove; and clasping both his hands over his eyes, he strove to shut out the spectacle before him.

In that ancient chair—in awful contrast to its gilding and its rich satin covering, sat the mortal remains of what might have been, and what was, by many little indications, suggestive of a young and beautiful woman. That long shining hair which flowed to the floor—the pearl-like whiteness of the teeth—the dress which had shrunk to the wasted limbs and still proportions of the figure—the glitter of ornaments that survived the wreck of all that surrounded them, and only seemed to shine forth with redoubled lustre—all looked like youth and beauty.

Alas! where was the beauty now? What proud lover now would give a kingdom to kiss those dainty lips? What ecstatic passions would now the pressure of that velvet cheek engender? Who with wild frenzied adoration would clasp to his heart of hearts that form of beauty? Oh, terrible change! Supported by the silken scarf—the rich fabrics that had adorned the youthful form moulder to decay—the fair and rounded limbs shrunk to wretched attenuation—one delicately-gloved hand was clasped in the other. That other was but the skeleton of what it had been. So still—so life-like—so terrible in death—exhaling to the atmosphere that found its way to and fro that secret room—slowly, but surely, mingling with the elements, until, if time could have so far passed away, and if the lofty towers and terraced chambers of Knightriders could have held together for so long, there would have been nothing left but some few handfuls of dust, which the first rude breath of wind would have scattered far and wide, to mark the spot on which the last sigh of one who was the idol of hearts had been breathed!

How could that man come to look on such a sight? How could he there sit, with other purpose at his heart than that of deep remorse and shrieking prayer for mercy, when mercy would need indeed be infinite to spare him the smallest portion? And yet there he was: he had come to remove the body—to hide the evidences of a crime which he had need to persuade himself had never sat heavy on his soul, but which now rose up before him ghastly and terrible, and defiant of all his cold philosophy.

Lord Templemore kept his hands over his eyes for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden jerk, he removed them, and with steady glan he looked at the dead occupant of the opposite chair.

"Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" he said thrice.

The name seemed to echo through the strangely-shaped room, and to come back to his ears as uttered by another voice.

Then he made a violent effort, and in a louder voice he spoke rapidly, and now and then he made an energetic action with his arms, and a flush came to his cheeks and brow.

"I did love you—I did love you, Barbara! but you thwarted me; and in time you loved another! I am of the world—the world of courts, and kings, and fashions, and braveries! I must live in throngs! I must have the smile of beauty and the glitter of wealth about me! What is life? a bubble—vapor which we may place in the sunshine or the gloom as we will! You have passed away! We shall all pass away—all—all—all! But there is lifeblood in my veins yet! There are a thousand schemers and plans yet in this teeming brain! I have much to do in life—in the great world yet, and I must and will do it! I am young—young yet! Time is before me! The past I will remember but as a dream, and in the years to come—years to come—"

He slowly pressed both his hands upon his breast, and he uttered the next few words in a suppressed fashion, and with a whispering tone, that made them sound like a prolonged hiss.

"Tears to come—many years—surely many yet! What is this? What is this? Oh! what is this?"

He strove to rise from the chair, and fell back again into it. His lips turned of a livid color, and his eyes seemed to look "beyond themselves" with a stare of frenzy. Still his hands were pressed upon his breast, and still he strove to speak.

"No, no, not ill—not ill! Here, where there is no help—no one—no life, but the light, the lantern, that looks like life! Help! help! help!"

A shriek came from his lips, and he pressed his hands yet tighter over his breast, and his head sank forward. As if by the touch of an enchanter, a change passed over the face of Lord Templemore, commencing at the brows, and sweeping downwards—a change that cannot be described—that no language is equal to depict. Then he flung his head back, and rested it against the satin covering of the chair. It was very strange, but it fell into the same position—a little inclined to the right—that the head of that poor lost one in the opposite chair had assumed. Then he moved his hands despairingly. He had one glove on; the other he had dropped when opening the little spring door. With the hand that had the glove on he held the fingers of the other. The dead had done that too! It was unconscious, on the part of Lord Templemore, this imitation, but there he sat; and moment by moment there came a heart-pang that extracted shrieks from his lips, but they were fainter and fainter still; and then there came a cold, creeping sensation, and the sickness of death was at his heart and brow. The hand of the destroyer was upon him!

"Mercy! Pardon!—pardon—par—"

There was one deep sigh—a wailing sound, and a faint inflation of the struggling lungs to perform their office. The heart paused in its action—once again it made two beats, and the languid blood with a surging rush sought the brain.

Lord Templemore was dead! He had died as his ancestors had died before him, suddenly and strangely; and there he sat with a hand clasped in the other, and resting back in the chair that faced that occupied by his victim.

The lantern burned steadily, and shed a mild, gentle ray over the room and all its once gorgeous finishing, and the two still forms that sat there. The silence was intense and awful—the very air seemed to stagnate. The strange odor from the disinfecting liquid in the vial was still strongly present; and so hours passed away, and the little lantern began to wane in its light—a spider ran along the gilt-fretted ceiling, and dropped by an impalpable cord of its own spinning on to the shoulder of my Lord Templemore. He made the cord fast there, and then strengthened it and ran out another to the arm of the chair. From a distant corner a pair of small jet eyes peeped out, and a mouse crept from a narrow crevice in the wall. The breath of life was not in that room, and the timid senses of the creature took no alarm.

Awake, Lord Templemore! Privy councillor, awake! Subtle courtier—companion of kings in their hours of gaiety—man of many ambitions and haughty impulses—the spider weaves his web about you, and the mouse crawls from foot to knee, and nibbles at the silken corner of your vest!

The lamp went out—deep darkness fell upon the secret room of Knightriders; and the two bodies and the two chairs, and all that that long narrow space contained, was mingled up in one black chaotic mass!

It was about one hour after midnight that the horse which Lord Templemore had left by the garden wall of Knightriders broke loose

from the temporary fastening of his bridle to the limb of a tree, and regaining his liberty, galloped along the hillside away from the ill-fated mansion. The storm was passing away, and the creature, as it increased its distance from Knightriders, appeared to recover its composure, and finally lay quietly down beneath some tall trees, and slept.

We are aware how this horse was seen and captured by the emissaries of Abel Reye, who, at all events, until an owner should present himself, made no scruple in appropriating the animal.

At the village which had been indicated by Lord Templemore, his man Joey, as he called him, took up his quarters, and waited with no small impatience for his master. But the morning came, and no Lord Templemore.

"Your master be long a coming," said the landlord of the inn at which Joey had put up.

"Rather," said Joey.

"And who may he be when he is at home?"

"Master," said Joey, "as most folks are, and all folks should."

"Yes, I know that; but I mean his name."

"Well, as that's his, and no one else's, I don't interfere with it."

"You are a rum chap!"

"No, I ain't, for it's a liquor I don't like."

Joey made his way to the stable, and quietly put the saddle on his horse; and having paid for his night's accommodation and his breakfast, he salled forth with an intention to gain the highest point he could on the neighboring hill, and take a long look about him in search of Lord Templemore.

A winding road led him to a pretty good altitude, and a very beautiful garden-like landscape opened out before him. There was Knightriders, with its gardens, and enclosures, and park, and clumps of tall trees, and sparkling lake; and there were the ruins of Holly Tree Farm, from which a thin, circling blue smoke still ascended; but he could see no vestige of his master.

"He is in the house," said Joey, as he shook his head at the huge, straggling old mansion of Knightriders.

This was a shrewd enough guess, but little did Joey imagine the condition in which Lord Templemore was in that house.

"Well," he added, "I suppose I ought to go and look after him, though I don't seem half to like it. Hilloa!"

"Halt! On your life, be still!" cried a voice from the other side of a tall hedge-row; and then a couple of men wearing black masks, one from each side of the narrow roadway rushed out. One seized the horse by the reins, and the other presented the long, shining barrel of a pistol in a direct line for Joey's head.

Joey whistled.

"Well, gents, what's in the wind now?"

"Silence!" cried the voice from the other side of the hedge.

"Oh, there's another of you!"

"Answer to what will be asked of you, or you are a dead man on the moment you. Go it!"

"You are a bold fellow."

"Always was!"

"Who are you?"

"Joe—a groom!"

"And your master?"

Joey hesitated.

"Shoot him!"

"Hold hard! Pull up! My master is Lord Templemore, if you will have it—the Right Honorable Lord Templemore."

"What is his errand here? Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is. Wish I did; and as for his errand here, I know as little of that, for he did not tell me, but it's something particular, and something to do with the big house yonder on the hill-side."

"Did he go there?"

"I should say he did. He told me to wait for him, and I have waited. If you can tell me where he is I shall be much obliged, though I can't promise to shoot you if you don't."

There was now a silence of a moment or two, and then a voice from the other side of the hedge said, "If you can form, from your knowledge of Lord Templemore, any reasonable guess as to what is his errand down here, you will be well paid. Say ten pounds."

"Very good."

"You can, then?"

"I will try. I should rather say, from what I know of him and from what I have seen of him—having been in his service for some time, and knowing him well, and seeing a good deal of him, though he don't say a great deal to anybody about his affairs, that he came down here—"

"Well, well?"

"Hush! Not so loud!"

"Go on, idiot!"

"Thank you. The same to you, sir. Well, as I was saying, I am under the impression that he came down here on some private business of his own, do you know. Found

PARTING.

BY LEVENIERA E. PYNE.

WITHOUT one bitter feeling let us part;
And for the year in which your love has shed
A radiance like a glory round my head,
I thank you, yes, I thank you from my heart.

I thank you for the cherished hope of years—
A starry future dim and yet divine—
Winging its way from Heaven to be mine,
Laden with joy and ignorant of tears.

I thank you, yes, I even thank you more
That my heart learnt not without love to live,
But gave, and gave, and still had more to give
From an abundant and exhaustless store.

I thank you, and no grief is in those tears;
I thank you—not in bitterness but truth—
For the fair vision that adorned my youth,
And glorified so many happy years.

Yet how much more I thank you that you tore
At last the veil that you had woven away,
That showed the thing I worshipped was of clay,
And vain, and false, what I had kneelt before.

I thank you that you taught me the stern truth—
None other could have told and I believed—
That vain had been my life and I deceived,
And wasted all the purpose of my youth.

I thank you that your hand dashed down the shrine
Wherein my idol worship I had paid,
Else had I never known a soul was made
To serve and worship the divine.

I thank you that the heart I cast away
On such as you, though broken, bruised and crushed,
Now that its fiery throbbing is all hushed,
Upon a worthier altar I can lay.

I thank you for the lesson that such love
Is a preventive of God's royal right,
That 'tis but made for the infinite,
And all too great to live except above.

I thank you for a terrible awaking,
And if reproach seemed hidden in my pain,
And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain,
Know that my blessing lays in your forsaking.

Farewell for ever! now in peace we part,
And should an idle vision of my tears
Arise before the soul in after years,
Remember that I thank you from my heart.

THE STORY OF AN OLD UNLUCKY HOUSE.

PART THE EIGHTH.—SHADOWS.

A very short time after the occurrences described in our last, the scene we shall now give was presented.

It was early day, and two men were hurrying along amid a crowd of others. Little heed was vouchsafed them, for their way hitherto had been confined to the thronged parts of the city, where everybody was too intent on his own business, or too much in haste, to take particular notice of fellow-wayfarers.

The two men were no strangers to the reader. In one it would have been easy to detect François, the Swiss; in the other, almost as easy to have recognized the Frenchman, with whom it has been our task already to show the former.

They hurried on, as we have said, from a remote street in the east to an open space or park in the west, conversing little by the way, and never stopping—indeed, rather adding to their speed as they neared their destination.

It was not quite noon when they stopped in front of a large, noble looking mansion, standing alone. A single summons at the gate brought out an attendant, who, informed of the errand on which the strangers had been sent, hastened to conduct them into the presence of him they sought, the owner of the house, a very famous man, and a minister of state.

It seemed as though the business of François and his companion was important, as it took them past a number of other persons who were constrained to await in the outer chambers, and whose consequence or the pressure of whose claims upon the minister might be guessed from the respective positions assigned them. In the interior chambers, how plentiful were the visitors in gay apparel and with laughing faces! In those more outward, how many the less fashionably clad, on whose lineaments was written a tale of sorrow and anxiety, and of that hope deferred that breaks the heart slowly though surely.

As François and his companion had surmised, theirs was the first audience with the minister. As they entered his small private room, they could not refrain a feeling of surprise at its extreme plainness. The walls, of simple oak, had neither picture nor glass to qualify their nakedness. There was a bookcase (well supplied) at the upper end of the apartment, and in the centre a table covered with a green cloth, on which reposed a multitude of books and papers. Something that might have been called a carpet was on the floor; the chairs (in the largest and most commodious of which sat the minister), did not count more than half a dozen, and were aged and of homely material.

The minister was a very old man, bowed in figure and gray-headed. On seeing the strangers enter, he motioned them to seats, and then touched on the business that had brought them there, of which he had already received some advices.

"So it is my signature you require to the warrant you bring from your Government, is it not?"

"It is, my lord," replied the Frenchman, rising and then advancing. "There is the warrant."

"Let me see it," and the old man stretched out his hand to receive the paper. Tremblingly he unfolded it. "Ah, quite right and quite in accordance with the international requirements. And you tell me that you have tracked the malefactor you seek, even to this city; that the moment this paper receives its proper attestation, and you are furnished with the aid of officers under my special orders, you will be able to apprehend this man."

"All true, my lord."

"Then," mumbled the minister, "I will affix my name to this warrant, and furnish you with another, in virtue of which you will procure the aid of my men at arms. There," and with much greater celerity than his visitors would have given him credit for being master of, he signed the warrant handed him by the French officer; then another, for the military assistance always rendered in those days to men who were on the business that had brought François and his associate hither.

The two papers were received carelessly enough, although respectfully, by the Frenchman; but François exhibited emotions of a more marked character. It seemed as though the due authentication of one was a consummation for which he had been anxiously waiting, and acquired, that he was impatient for its final execution. He was the first to make for the door, forgetting in his haste the customary obsequity at parting. His companion, more ceremonious, made his bow to the minister, and anon rejoined the Swiss.

It was remarked of the day on which this occurred, that a finer one had never been known. The skies, without a cloud, might have been likened to a crimson vault of blue, and the sun—perhaps a little too fervent for some people who were ailing or weak—to a disc of silver, until evening, when it became more like gold. A slight air had sprung up in the morning, but it had fallen imperceptibly as the hours crept on, until quite dying away, it left the atmosphere dry or arid. After sunset the people moved about languidly, and those within doors came to their portals to catch a breath, if they could, they said. That evening there was less said about the fineness of the weather than had been said a few hours before; and when night came, up from a thousand pallets there arose exclamations, bearing evidence of a disquietude the sufferers almost despaired of escaping. Many, in the endeavor to do so, ascended to the roof of their dwellings, and tried what a sojourn there would bring them. It vain, all in vain. The face of Nature was still smiling and beautiful, but her breath was hot and rank, just as the breath of the Cyprian often is, the human type of a sepulchre—very fair without, but all rottenness within.

And the beauty of that night, all eminent as it was, changed after a particular hour. Over the sky a yellow haze, over the earth the

same, but thicker; the moon and stars no longer silvery, but all the color of blood; the heat of the atmosphere on the increase, until farther stay within doors is unendurable, and the people come forth in throngs, and instinctively speak of a conflagration, tokens of which they look for, but cannot find. Everywhere sad looks, sad words, and cries of pain from either the elder or the younger. The aged men and women seem to suffer terribly, also the little children, who have missed that repose on their mother's breasts, always so welcome to them.

The hours pass on slowly, and are only half recorded—by the bells; the watchmen sharing the general languor, having desisted from their duty. It seems almost as though a year had passed between the sunset of one day and the sunrise of another, and that other, it might have been thought, would be prolonged to the imagination, even more than the former had been, judging from the increase in the phenomena that had lent a speciality to the time. There was greater heat, less air if possible, and a darkness all around, to which the previous day had been a stranger.

For a long time this alteration of bright and dark days continued, with more heaviness in the atmosphere, more suffering in the people. An irritation of the flesh, a terrible thirst, a crushing lassitude, these helped to constitute the physical misery. Plenty of water was at hand wherewith to quench the burning of the throat, but none was in the clouds, though the universal prayer was that it might come there, and pour in a deluge on the ground beneath. Should it do so, people thought the horrors of their condition would be mitigated. But the rain came not, and even the water taken in at the month failed to refresh the sense after the first few moments.

Yet for a long time the sufferings of the people presented no fatal termination, nor any outward sign save that to be found in worn and miserable looks; at last, however, it was said that a certain man had died. Then those who listened to the report, anxious for prolonged life, even at the cost of severe pain, canvassed the cause of their friend's indisposition, and tried their utmost to trace it to something apart from their own symptoms. The dead man had been an inebriate, so said one; a débauchee, so represented another; a luxurious feeder, so reported a third; "an old man," chimed in others, and therefore likely to die at any season. So, for a time, the flatteringunction was laid to the soul. But it could not stay there long. Many others beside the "old man" whose death had been "quite regular," departed, and in a manner, too, which left no doubt as to the cause of dissolution. Most of their deaths were sudden, and several took place under circumstances that imparted a terrible force to the occurrence. In one district of the city, on a Sabbath morn, a porter, officiating at the altar, even in the administration of bread and wine, had fallen down dead, his white surplice spotted by a gout of blood that had trickled from his mouth. In the fashionable assembly, the lady and gentleman engaged in the gay twirl of the dance, exchanging passionate glances, and their hearts beating quicker than the measure of the music, were struck into marble, and ere their silken habits could be stripped from them became horrible to the sight and offensive to the smell. In the less elevated throng, but pledged alike to the purposes of revelry, it was the gay fellow, perhaps arrayed in motley guise specially for the occasion, who became stark and livid ere the broad grin had passed from his face. Thus the presence in the city of some physical curse was substantiated, also its fatality, and then a change came over the people. No longer desponding in spirits or look, they suddenly merged into the gay and the laughing. It was not water they required now, either from the springs or from the clouds, but ardent liquors. Those they poured down their throats; jesting, blaspheming, singing, all the while, and in a thousand cases dropping dead at the feet of their companions.

By and by the curse by which the people were afflicted received the seal of official confirmation.

THE PLAGUE!

It was that which had fallen on the city, and against whose further devastations all the precautions within the reach of human power were taken. The onerous duty was entrusted to a Commission, which was never-tiring in its labors, which sat day and night, but which, nevertheless, could do little to mitigate the curse—that, there was good reason to suppose, had found its way into the city, in a bale of merchandise from Turkey, and had its focus in the docks. Therefore those docks were closed for an indefinite time, while on the ships lying there, as well as on those daily arriving at other points, an interdict was placed, which had the effect of placing them in bonds.

Among these was the vessel in which William Neville and Araza had sailed from the far Western land, and whose captain had been the first perhaps to note, while at sea, the unusual phenomenon we have spoken of as having characterized the incipient stages of the plague on land. That arid atmosphere; that alternation of bright, clear days, and days of yellow-bearing mist, portended something surely—had already realised an effect on the ship, he feared, when in reply to an inquiry put to his passenger, regarding the condition of his wife, the captain was told, "Faint and feverish, and very restless."

Neville, however, had but little apprehensions for Araza, and was very happy in the prospect of soon seeing his son and brother; for he made sure the detention of the ship in dock would not continue long. His wife also was very happy, and would have been thoroughly so but for the brief and necessary interruption to her landing.

Believing that her maternal heart would be less able to support this interruption than it really was, Neville essayed by his gentle looks and kindest words to encourage Araza. He was more than rewarded for his pains.

"It is well."

So said the gentle and still beautiful Indian. It was her usual expression, always accompanied by a beneficent look. That look was not wanting now, but rather was more intense than it had ever been—at least so thought Neville.

"It is well."

The same day that saw François, the Swiss, and the French officer on their road to the Minister, also beheld Ferdinand and Agnes Neville at the altar of the little antique church in the neighborhood of the old house. There the bride's own mother had pledged her vows, and her ancestors beside, on the father's side, for many generations.

A gay throng was in attendance, including the Count Alexis, who, according to agreement, was to be the first to pledge the youthful pair, and finally, after handing the cup round to his visitors generally, present it to Ferdinand and Agnes. Since the late rejection of his suit by Hastings Neville's daughter, and in view of the apparent gallantry of his conduct, Alexis had risen in the estimation of Agnes; although, try what he might to think well of him, Ferdinand could not bring himself to any friendly regard for the Frenchman. Yet he often felt fascinated as it were towards the direction, and as often meeting the glance of Alexis, as curious as his own, was forced to turn aside, just as the other, under a similar influence, was forced to do. It might have been considered extraordinary that the same kind of curiosity, vague and perplexing, should have been felt in respect to the same person by different people at different times; by Hastings Neville and his wife, toward the boy—by Ferdinand Neville, towards the man! But so it was.

The marriage of the cousins had been the means of bringing back old gaieties to the house. The friends and retainers of the family were in full assemblage, and prominent among the latter might have been recognized Old Margery, now more like a mummy than a living creature. Nevertheless, she had contrived to push her way far into the church, and to look evil out of eyes almost entirely closed, and to hint evil in sounds ambiguous to anybody who was not accustomed to catch at her meaning.

Presently the church is cleared, and the bridal throng is in the old house. It is now the cue for the Count Alexis. Taking from the hands of Neville a large and elaborately chased gold cup, an heirloom in the family, and the gift of some king whom a Neville had accompanied to the Holy Land, the rejected lover bids the newly married God-speed, and wets his lips with the rich wine within the precious circle. He then carries it round; each person he passes does the same he has done. Finally it comes to the turn of Ferdinand and Agnes. Silently, and with meek and respectful looks, they bend their heads, and then drink of the cup. The assembled ladies and gentlemen then join in a loud, hearty cheer, which perhaps would not be half so hearty were the voice of Alexis wanted. That is very exultant, but not more so than his looks. They might be considered meaningless apart from the idea of triumph!

This high look is still upon the Frenchman's brow, when a noise at the great door of the room attracts general surprise. Several men enter with little or no ceremony, and two somewhat in ad-

vance, the next (soldiers) all together. Surprise to all, we have said; terror to one, we might have added, to the Count Alexis!

François and the French officer are the two men in advance. The former points to Alexis, and then retires, leaving his companion to effect the arrest.

"By the virtue of this warrant," he commences, exhibiting the document, "I arrest you on the charge of treason against the life and dignity of your lawful master, the King of France. The warrant, as you perceive, has recently been attested under the seals of the two countries. Therefore, surrender. Resistance is vain!"

Everybody save the immediate actors in this event seemed spell-bound for a time. Alexis himself was so for a few moments, but suddenly recovering self-possession, he made a rush towards the cup he had so recently relinquished. He had grasped it once again, and was about lifting it to his lips, when François interfered, and dashed it to the ground.

"Let him not touch it!" exclaimed the Swiss; "the wine it holds may have been poisoned!"

Without apparent head of this supposition, the soldiers seized Alexis. Then the old stolid look returned to him, while alternating his glances from Ferdinand and Agnes to François, he observed, with fiendish coolness:

"The fool sometimes speaks truth. The wine in that cup has been poisoned!"

The summer had passed, and early autumn had begun to invest the foliage with those hues that, while so indicative of decay, are yet so beautiful. From the fields the grain had been gathered; but yet there was something like gold left upon the ground. From the trees some leaves and blossoms had fallen, while those remaining, presenting a red more concentrated than the red it had displaced, and a yellow in the place of green, faithfully realized that affecting homily on life Shakespeare has caused Macbeth to utter. In the skies a temperate sun, a pellucid blue, and clouds all fleecy and fantastic, edged with gold in the daytime, with silver at night. A slight roar frost in the morning, a dew after sunset; genial air the accompaniment of one of the other, wind, sometimes of sufficient volume to howl the trees until the lower branches swept the ground, and to drive the clouds across the moon at extreme speed: sometimes also descending chimneys in a tone indicative of the roar sure to come with winter.

Towards sunset, on a day such as we have spoken of, a man might have been seen approaching the old house. He was on foot, and his pace was slow. It would have been difficult to decide how old he was. True, his figure was somewhat bowed, his face furrowed, and his hair quite white; but it was the last particular that rendered the determination of years a matter of difficulty, neither the bend in the body nor the wrinkles on the cheek being of a character with the extreme white of his hair. More reasonable would have been the inference, that the stranger had been visited by a sudden shock of grief, than that he was a very old man.

His habits were those of a gentleman of his day, and quite black. The nearer he approached the old house, the slower was his pace, the more frequent his looks all around, and, it seemed, the more intense his feelings. At last he reached the gate, rung the bell and was admitted by the porter. He was an aged man and recognised the visitor. Lifting the latter's hand to his lips, the tears starting to his eyes the while, he could only articulate one word—

"Master!"

"Good Ralph," responded the gentleman in black, and he passed on towards the house. The porter gazed after the figure anxiously and ejaculated some expression of sympathy and sorrow.

The stranger entered the house and was recognized by more than a score there; and the same brief but emphatic salutation was reciprocated—the same sad looks too. A singularity hitherto unnoticed by the gentleman recently arrived was now impressed on him—the singularity of the habits he and the people about him wore. They were all black!

Having reached the chief room, the stranger found an old acquaintance who could reveal his news and be the recipient of the news brought thither.

Hastings Neville, Ferdinand, Agnes—were all dead; the first, by the plague, which had spread from the city over some extent of country—the others, by poison. François, with too true an instinct of the French count's character, had spoken truly. The wine in the love cup had been vitiated by a potent poison, carried thither by an extraordinary sleight of hand (at which Alexis was efficient) at the moment he offered the cup to the newly married. His aim, in attempting to regain the cup, will have been surmised—to anticipate by present death, the doom he knew awaited him in France, and which, it subsequently transpired, he underwent with an apparent indifference, astonishing to the spectators. As for Ferdinand and Agnes, they were soon obliged to succumb to the narcotic influence of the drug administered to them, and ere sunset were in their winding sheets.

The hand that supplied the poison will only have been surmised—that of the trader in the city who had received so liberal a largesse from Alexis.

These were the revelations that awaited the stranger. He, too, was an historian, and death and the grave were his import. Only a few days since the faithful and beautiful woman who had been the solace of his life for many years had departed, a victim to the terrible plague. Quite calm and conscious at the last, although a great sufferer previously, no murmur arose to her lips, no frown passed across her features. All was gentle and beneficent.

"It is well."

Those words again; and again that ineffable look—more (there could be no mistaking that) nearer to the look of the angels in heaven than it had ever been, too near, perhaps, for the face of any one was not in neighborhood with the Eternal!

During these counter recitals, it might have been observed that the entire household and others (not forgetting old Margery), entered the room, and that William Neville, clothed in black and suddenly struck into older age than he had shown on his arrival at the gate without, backed towards the upper end of the chamber and finally seated himself in the chair of his ancestors, whose time-worn banner drooped above his head. The action was suggestive; and accordingly, a general acclaim of welcome and recognition was set up. Its first tones falling on Neville's ear, he smiled graciously in return, and was about rising to his feet. But, vain the endeavor. Falling forward on his face he measured his length upon the floor. The fate of the gallant Sebastian of Portugal was his.

Margery, the prophetess of evil to the old house, as we have been simply its recorder, did not long survive the catastrophe of William Neville's death, while François, the Swiss, in remembrance of his zeal in the capture of Alexis, received a commission in the French army, in which he rose rapidly. Of course, it is almost unnecessary for us to add, that his great desire to bring the count to justice arose from the recollection of his own hapless though insane love for Ilarie, the victim of the gamete's perfidy. From the date of William Neville's death, the old house rapidly deteriorated, passing through the changes we have indicated until it assumed the aspect described in our prelude.

THE END.

ONE OF THE FUNERAL SERMONS.—The following is a funeral sermon lately preached in Ohio by a Buckeye clergyman: "I have been begged importuned and entreated to preach this sermon, but I don't want to do it. I never did like the man, I never knew nothing good of him. He had horses, and he run them; he had cooks, and he fit them. I have occasionally heard he was good at fires. The bearers will please remove the body, and sing the following hymn:

"With rapture we delight to see
The case removed."

AN ASTONISHING LOT OF TIN!—The Count Lagrange is a heavy betting man in France. After a visit to England, where he had been most successful in making a good book, and pocketing the result, he arrived, with a carpet-bag in hand, at Calais.

"Have you anything to declare?" was the regular question.
"Nothing."
"What is in that bag?"
"Its contents are not liable to duty, but very precious."

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.



THE PRISONERS COOK, COPPIE, GREENE AND COPELAND RECEIVING SENTENCE OF DEATH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

The trials at Charlestown have ended with the jury finding the prisoners Cook, Copeland, Coppie and Greene guilty of the grave charges of which they were accused. The sentencing of the prisoners was a solemn and thrilling scene, and was characterized by the utmost decorum. The judge, in a deeply impressive speech, sentenced all the prisoners to be hung by the neck on the 16th of December. The negroes, Copeland and Greene, declined to make any remarks, but both Cook and Coppie addressed the Court. They denied all knowledge of Brown's intention to seize the ferry until the Sunday previous, when they were called upon to take the solemn oath of obedience. They acknowledged that they expected to be punished, but did not anticipate so severe a sentence. The negroes are to be hung on the morning of the 16th, and the others at a later hour.

Our illustration was sketched at the moment of passing the sentence by our special artist, who was present, as was also the accompanying sketch of Cook as he was brought from jail to be taken to the Court.

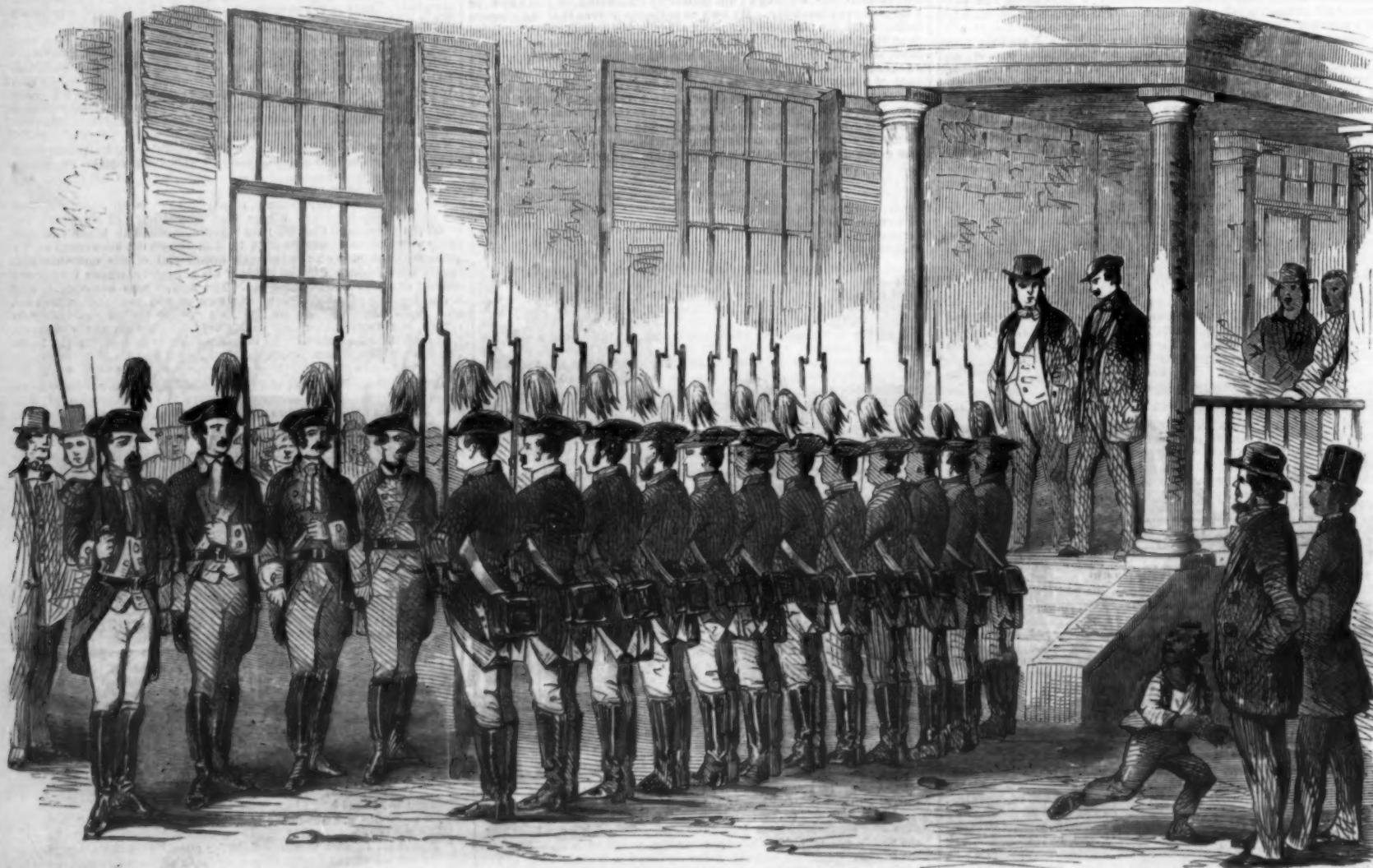
revolvers, two hundred of Sharpe's Beecher rifles, and a thousand spears. He had an abundance of ammunition. We ought to mention that when Dr. Kennedy let him the farm he was not aware that his tenant was Ossawattamie Brown, as the latter assumed the name of Smith. The house is of the common description of farm residence. Our engraving is from a sketch made on the spot.

OSSAWATTAMIE'S FARM

THIS farm, which goes by the name of Kennedy Farm, is about five miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side, and belongs to Dr. Kennedy, an old and respected citizen.

Brown hired it last May, at a yearly rental of thirty-five dollars, and paid the rent in advance till the 1st of March, 1860. Here he concocted his schemes and held his council with his associates, which never amounted to more than twenty-two men. He had here arms for about fifteen hundred men, being composed of two hundred

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.—Our cut represents the school-house, in which large stores of ammunition were deposited by Ossawattamie Brown. These arms, which were collected by Brown from various sources, were brought down by Cook, John Smith, Thompson and some negroes from Kennedy Farm, after the seizure of Colonel Washington. Cook and his party drove out the school children and tied the schoolmaster hand and foot, and kept him in the building. The party labored nearly all the day in carting boxes of arms, &c., to the school-house, where they were found and seized.



CAPT. COOK BROUGHT OUT OF JAIL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.



OLD JOHN BROWN'S RESIDENCE, KENNEDY FARM, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

COOK'S HOUSE.—The house of Cook, which our illustration represents, is a mere cabin, and worthy only of notice inasmuch that it has become historical in connection with the plan and execution of the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Cook located at Harper's Ferry some year or two since in the character of a schoolmaster; he married while there, and there is undoubted evidence that he held communication with Brown from the first hour of his arrival.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, 2nd November, 1859.

DEAR SIR—I have just returned from Liverpool, where I went with — to dine at the great Tory Festival. You well know what a lover of good dinners he is, more especially when there is any political speaking going on; and as Lords Derby and Malmesbury, and Disraeli are not to be dined with every day, we gladly paid our two guineas a piece for our ticket, beside other expenses, and found ourselves sitting on Saturday evening in the Philharmonic Hall, with a bevy of beauties gazing on us. I am sorry to say the English are great pigs in the matter of eating and drinking, for they did not ask the fair ones to take bit or sup. Lord Derby was certainly well received; but Disraeli the commoner, novelist and Jew parvenu, had the reception of the evening; cheer after cheer greeted that pale, fretful and intellectual visage of the twice Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chief orators were Earl Hardwicke, Derby, Disraeli and Malmesbury. Their keynote was advising England to be prepared for every contingency, which of course means suspicion of Louis Napoleon. Malmesbury, who claimed the merit of being his oldest friend, long before he was an exile, also declared that even then he recognised and proclaimed his wonderful talent; he also said he had the highest opinion of Louis Napoleon's sincerity, but for all that the French were a vainglorious people, and might compel Louis Napoleon to declare war against his old refuge in distress. The meaning of all this is plain—the peoples of England and France never can be cordially allied till that deadly nuisance the French army is cooled down mightily by the Sangrado treatment of blood-letting and warm water. Lord Brougham made some strong remarks on this subject at his Inauguration Dinner in Glasgow last week; he boldly accused the French nation of a bloodthirsty

craving for glory. So far as my own experience goes, there is no genuine love of liberty in a Frenchman. However polished he may be in his manner and appearance, he is in heart a savage dressed in black velvet smalls. When will my countrymen outgrow the humbug of believing that Lafayette and his countrymen helped us in our revolutionary war out of love of the glorious principle of freedom? it was only hatred of England.

I gave you so much of politics in my last letter, that I shall dismiss them now in a few words. The Italian question is culminating into another war, for it is against all credibility to suppose that Austria will restore, by the arms or influence of France, the very system Louis Napoleon went to war to destroy. Let us wait three months longer before we give him credit for being the greatest rogue in Christendom. In thus stigmatising the French ruler, allow me to say that I have not a much better opinion of the English ministry. It is only their common sense that keeps them straight; in their hearts they are as opposed to the sovereignty of the people as their French ally is. When I say "sovereignty of the people," I do not mean that rowdy style of political pugilism so rampant in some parts of our own great and glorious republic. There is little difference between a sotkologer and a bayonet, Sixth Ward rum-hole brawler and a Zouave: they are equally the curse of their respective countries.

I was not a little astonished at the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. My knowledge of the people and the locality, however, enabled me at once to reduce the affair to its real dimensions. The English press does not give it much importance as a fact, but regard it as a dangerous symptom. I await the next accounts with great curiosity, but without fear, although I am indirectly interested, as you know, in a large slave plantation. My own experience proves that the niggers in the South are infinitely happier, better cared for and more independent than the white slaves in the Northern States; and as for England, there are three millions of white slaves here who would gladly exchange with their sable brethren to-morrow. Of all cants, the cant of philanthropy is to me the most disgusting. Beecher, Corey, Cheever *et hoc genus* would rather give a dollar to a nigger to buy rum, than a dime to a poor white man to save him from starvation.

One of the topics lately has been the San Juan dispute; but I can assure you our British cousins do not really care one dump about it. The general opinion among our own American set at the Legation is

that Harney has made an ass of himself. The only excuse Mr. Dallas can find for him is that the British Governor, Douglas, who is a greater ass even than Harney, provoked our General into his escapade. That the island really belongs to us is clear, and every candid Englishman coincides in this view; but as the matter has been laid over to await diplomatic arrangement, Harney was wrong in prejudging the matter by violent action. I am told that Douglas is an Irishman, which accounts for his irritating behavior to the Americans; for it is a remarkable fact that while the Celtic race in America is the most bitter against England, so the same race here is equally violent against the United States. It is that fatal facility of holding two opinions, to be used as occasion demands, that has kept her down in the scale of nations.

The success of the American Minister in China has somewhat riled the British and the French. I have no faith in those pig-tailed puppy-eaters being made reasonable without a little gentle gunpowder. We shall have to talk Paixhan to them yet.

Stieglitz, the great St. Petersburg banker, has announced his retirement from business on the 31st December. His father was a Hamburg Jew, who emigrated to St. Petersburg fifty-four years ago, and died some eight years ago, leaving thirty millions of francs and his business to his son, who now retires with a fortune of two hundred and eighty millions of francs. This enormous amount of money will go begging at the deaths of Baron Stieglitz and his wife, for, alas! they have no children.

David Hughes, the famous bankrupt, who, after defrauding various parties out of two hundred thousand pounds, ran off to Australia, whether he was pursued and brought back, has been again remanded. There is great mystery as to what he did with the money. What adds to the mystery is that he was one of the most religious and charitable of men.

A curious case was tried at Guildhall the other day. A Mr. Tallent, a bookseller of Paternoster Row, was summoned before Sir Peter Laurie—the Alderman Cate of Charles Dickens—for refusing to pay his church rates. Mr. Tallent—what a name for a publisher! did one ever possess any?—when called upon for the reason why he would not pay, his excuse was, that the rector, Mr. Milman, had introduced Popish customs; whereupon Sir Peter Laurie, "Saddler, Magistrate and Alderman," said he was quite right in refusing to pay, and dismissed the complaint! During the discussion Mr. Tal-



HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN BROWN'S PIKES WERE FOUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



SCHOOL-HOUSE TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY CAPT. COOK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ent called the Pope a humbug, which Sir Peter Laurie also endorsed. Puseyism is certainly at a discount in the town of Lud!

The theatres are doing a fair business. Mr. Fecter has made quite a sensation as a light tragedian. He reminds me of a cross breed between Dolly Davenport and Charles Edward Lester—a sort of "af and af," as the English say ("sic in origine," our correspondent means John Lester Wallack); but it is some years since I saw those clever artists, and I may be mistaken.

I suppose you have heard that your Paris correspondent, François, has fallen under the surveillance of the police. It appears that at the salon of the Comtesse de —— he forgot that he was not in America, and that, acting under the forgetfulness of the minute, he told Count Walewski some home truths about Central Italy. The count, who is a remarkably well-bred man, offered him his snuff-box, shrugged his shoulders, and after expressing the greatest desire to cultivate his further acquaintance for the interchange of thought, asked for his card. Poor François in a flutter of delight handed the magic bit of pasteboard, and went to bed dreaming of moulding the policy of the world and that he was appointed our minister to France. Alas for the dreams of ambition, at the midnight hour he was aroused from his virtuous couch in the Rue Blanche by a message that the Minister for Foreign Affairs was waiting to see him. He dressed in haste, sprang into a voiture he saw at the door, and in ten minutes found himself in the *conciergerie*. The murder was out; he had infraacted section 2976 in some infernal police regulation. François has applied to the American Legation, but I am told he has been ordered to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. Happy man, to be compelled to absquatulate without paying his tailor!

You will be sorry to learn that our little Piccolimini has been rather annoying the public by giving, in conjunction with Mlle. Teitzens, Signor Giuglini and Signor Adelighi, farewell concerts. The genius of all this bad management is a man named E. T. Smith. Let us hope that his offence is as rare as his cognomen!

Miss Louisa Pyne is filling the Royal English Opera House every night as Dinorah. I am told that a new opera by William Vincent Wallace called *Lurline* will soon be played: it is underlined.

Mr. Tom Taylor has produced what he calls a new play; it is termed *The Fool's Revenge*. It is little more than an Irish stew of *Le Roi s'amuse*, with a slight infusion of Rigoletto and a still slighter dash of *Lucrezia Borgia*. This trade of stealing a living man's brains is worse than digging up his dead body. The latter is of no use to any except the worms or the surgeon; but to coolly lift the skull from a living man and help yourself to his brains, before his very eyes, is the last villainy of literary degradation. I know a man in New York who really has made a reputation by stealing the brains of a living Frenchman, and selling it as *My Wife's Mirror*!

JONATHAN.

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D U S S E L D O R F G A L L E R Y ,

548 B R O A D W A Y .

S O N T A G ' S P I C T U R E ,

" A D R E A M O F I T A L Y , "

h a v i n g m e t w i t h t h e u n q u a r t i l e p r a i s e o f t h e P r e s s , a n d t h e n u m e r o u s v i s i t o r s t o t h e a b o v e G a l l e r y , w i l l r e m a i n o n e x h i b i t i o n a s h o r t t i m e l o n g e r .

O P E N D A Y A N D E V E N I N G . — A d m i s s i o n 25 c e n t s .

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Topics of the Week.

O U R C H I N E S E A M B A S S A D O R . — T h e E n g l i s h a n d F r e n c h j o u r n a l s a r e t r y i n g t h e i r b e s t t o b e f a c i t o u s o n M r . W a r d ' s v i s i t t o P e k i n . S o m e s a y h e h a s n e v e r b e e n t o P e k i n a t a l l , b u t m e r e l y c a r r i e d r o u n d l i k e a h o r s e i n a m i l l t i l l t h e y t h o u g h t h e h a d t r a v e l l e d t h e r e q u i s i t e n u m b e r o f m i l e s , w h e n t h e y d u m p e d h i m a t s o m e l i t t l e v i l l a g e , a n d a s t h e y w o u l d n o t a l l o w h i m t o s e e , t h e i m p o s t u r e c o u l d n o t b e d i s c o v e r e d . T h e m a n n e r o f t r a v e l l i n g a p p e a r s t o h a v e b e e n a b o x a p u n t o n t w o w h e e l s , w i t h o u t a n y w i n d o w s , a n d d r a w n b y a n a s s a n d m a u l e , t a n d e m f a s h i o n . S o m e o f o u r p a p e r s a r e c r o w i n g v e r y l o u d b e c a u s e M r . W a r d w o u l d n o t b u m p h i s h e a d o n t h e g r o u n d t h r e e t i m e s . N a p o l e o n t h e F i r s t s a i d , t h a t i f t o c a r r y o u t a t r e a t y a n a m b a s s a d o r w o u l d n o t k n o c k h i s h e a d , h e s h o u l d n o t h a v e a h e a d t o b u m p t h e d a y a f t e r h e g o t b a c k .

I t w o u l d s e e m t h a t t h e P e k i n p o s t o f f i c e i s c o n d u c t e d o n t h e s a m e p l a n a s o u r o w n , s i n c e i t t o o k s i x d a y s t o s e n d a l e t t e r f r o m o n e e n d o f t h e c i t y t o t h e o t h e r . I t i s d e l i g h t f u l t o m e e t w i t h t h e s e e v i d e n c e s t h a t t h e C h i n e s e a r e n o t s o m u c h a h e a d o f u s a s w e h a d f e a r e d .

N E W S F R O M V E N E Z U E L A . — W e a r e g l a d t o h e a r t h a t t h e i n s e c t i o n i s t s h a v e b e e n d e f e a t e d o n a l l s i d e s ; t h e i r d e p r e d a t i o n s a r e n o w c o n f i n e d t o t h e w e s t e r n p r o v i n c e s . G e n e r a l S o t i l l o , o n e o f t h e r e b e l c h i e f s d e f e a t e d a t B a r c e l o n a , h a d f l e d t o t h e I s l a n d o f T r i n i d a d . Z a m o r a , a n o t h e r l e a d e r , h a d b e e n d r i v e n o u t o f t h e p r o v i n c e o f V a r e n i s b y G e n e r a l B r i t o , a n d c o m p e l l e d t o s e e k r u f f u g e i n N e w G r a n a d a . T h e m e r c h a n t s h a v e a d v a n c e d a m i l l i o n o f d o l l a r s t o a s s i s t t h e p a r t y o f o r d e r .

W H O ' S T O B E O U R N E X T M A Y O R ? — A f t e r t w o s t o r m y m e e t i n g s , a t w h i c h t h e w e l l-k n o w n B i l l y W i l s o n m a d e h i m s e l f d e c i d e d l y h e a r d , t h e M o z a r t H a l l D e m o c r a c y n o m i n a t e d F e r n a n d o W o o d a s t h e i r c a n d i d a t e f o r M a y o r . F o r a b i l i t y t h e r e a r e f e w m e n t o

e q u a l t h e m u c h-a b u s e d M o g u l o f M o z a r t H a l l , a n d i t w i l l r e q u i r e a v e r y p o p u l a r T a m m a n i a c t o e n t e r t h e l i s t s w i t h h i m .

N E W S F R O M H A R P E R ' S F E R R Y . — T h e e x c i t e m e n t s t i l l l a s t s , a n d w i l l c o n t i n u e t i l t h e e x e c u t i o n o f t h e u n h a p p y c a u s e . W e c a n w e l l u n d e r s t a n d t h a t a f a m i l y l i v i n g i n t h e m i d s t o f a n i n f l a m m a b l e r a c e l i k e t h e n e g r o e s , a r e n o t a b l e t o r e g a r d t h e m a t t e r w i t h t h e c a l m e s s o f s t a t e m e n t s . T h e l a s t a c c o u n t s s t a t e t h a t a m i s c h i e v o u s o r m a d p e r s o n h a d r e p o r t e d t o C o l o n e l D a v i s t h a t a b o d y o f a r m e d m e n f r o m O h i o w e r e o n t h e i r w a y t o r e s c u e B r o w n , t h e c o n s e q u e n c e w a s a d e s p a t c h t o R i c h m o n d , a n d a n o t h e r t o W a s h i n g t o n , a s k i n g f o r m o r e t r o o p s , a n d o n t h e f o l l o w i n g d a y , G o v e r n o r W i s e w a s m a r c h i n g a l o n g a t t h e h e a d o f a r e g i m e n t t o r e-e n f o r c e t h e t r o o p s a t C h a r l e s t o w n . O n e V i r g i n i a n g e n t l e m a n w a s m o b b e d f o r p a y i n g f o r s o m e d r i n k s w i t h a M a s s a c h u s e t t s b i l l , w h i l e a n o t h e r h a d b e e n o r d e r e d t o l e a v e N o r f o l k b e c a u s e h e m a d e s o m e r e m a r k e x p r e s s i n g a c o m p a s s i o n a t e a d m i r a t i o n o f J o h n B r o w n . T h e h e a v i n g o f t h i s t e m p e s t w i l l t a k e s o m e t i m e t o s u b-s i d e .

T A M M A N Y H A L L N O M I N A T I O N . — M r . H a v e m e y e r h a s r e c e i v e d t h e n o m i n a t i o n o f t h e W i g w a m t o r u n a g a i n s t F e r n a n d o W o o d . H e i s a p o p u l a r m a n , a n d w i l l t r y t h e M o g u l o f M o z a r t H a l l .

The Expulsion of Our Artist from Charlestown.

T H E A U T H O R I T I E S o f C h a r l e s t o w n , J e f f e r s o n C o . , V i r g i n i a , i s s u e d a s p e c i a l p r o c l a m a t i o n w a r n i n g o f f r e n g e r s f r o m t h a t p l a c e . N o w t h e r e h a p p e n e d t o b e b u t t h r e e s t r a n g e r s i n t h e c i t y , M r . J e w e t t , t h e s e c o n d a r t i s t w e h a d s e n t t h e r e , M r . H o y t a n d M r . S e n n o t t , o f B o s t o n ; a n d a l t h o u g h a l l o f t h e m e n t a i n e d t h e m o s t p e a c e-a b l e i n t e n t i o n s , t h e i r s i t u a t i o n w a s s o p e c u l i a r t h a t t h e y c o u l d n o t a v o i d t a k i n g t o t h e m s e l v e s t h e d e l i c a t e a n d v e r y c o u r t e o u s h i n t t h r o u g h o u t , t h a t t h e i r r o o m w o u l d b e p r e f e r r e d t o t h e i r c o m p a n y . O u r a r t i s t w a i t e d a p o n C o l o n e l D a v i s , o n e o f t h e s e a p p o i n t e d t o s e e t h e s t r a n g e r s o u t , a n d p u t t h e q u e s t i o n t o h i m d i r e c t , a s a f r i e n d , " i f h e w a s p o i n t e d a t i n t h e p r o c l a m a t i o n ? " T h e C o l o n e l r e p l i e d e m p h a t i c a l l y " Y e s , " r e m a r k i n g , t h a t a l t h o u g h h e h a d a l l t h e d e s i r e h e h a d n o t t h e f o r c e t o p r o t e c t h i m , a n d a d v i s e d h i m t o l e a v e b y t h e f i r s t t r a i n . H e d i d s o .

A t t h i s c o n d u c t , v e x a t i o u s a s i t w a s , a s i n t e r f e r i n g w i t h o u r b u s i n e s s , w e c o u l d h a r d l y h e l p s m i l i n g w h e n t h e i n f o r m a t i o n r e a c h e d u s . W e f e l t a s s u r e d t h a t M r . J e w e t t h a d n o b e l l i g e n t i t e n t i o n s ; h e d i d n o t d e s i g n t o s u r r o u n d t h e c i t y , l a y i t u n d e r t r i b u t e , o r c a r r y B r o w n o f f o n h i s t r i u m p h a n t a n d c o n q u e r i n g s h o u l d e r s . H e w e n t a s a p e a c e-a b l e a n d w e l-l o r d e r e d c i t i z e n i n p u r s u i t o f h i s b u s i n e s s , t o s k e t c h t h e s c e n e s a n d i n c i d e n t s o f t h e i m p o r t a n t t r i a l t h e n g o i n g o n , a n d s h o u l d n o t h a v e b e e n i n t e r f e r e d w i t h w h i l e i n p u r s u i t o f h i s l a w f u l o c c u p a t i o n .

I t w a s r u m o r e d t h a t h e w a s s k e t c h i n g t h e p l a n o f t h e c i t y , t o e n a b l e t h e N o r t h t o a t t a c k i t s w e a k p o i n t s ; b u t o u r a r t i s t f o u n d t h e " w e a k e s t p o i n t " o f t h e c i t y i n i t s o v e r-s e n s i t i v e n e s s , w i t-h o u t s k e t c h i n g t h e g r o u n d p l a n .

I t w a s a v e r r e d , a l s o , t h a t h e w r o t e l e t t e

is to "lick" all his associates, they in their turn to pay the compliment to the lesser.

We bid fair to become a fighting nation, not a nation of soldiers, but a nation of pugilists. We are making gods of brutes. We are on the threshold of an era of muscle, when he who is strongest in the arm can subvert right, dash out the scholar's lamp and control the law. It is useless to laugh or sneer, this is the truth. Shall we go on, or shall we stop and turn back? The answer to this lies in the heart of every man, of every gentleman. Let every one put the question to himself with a moment's thought, and the day of muscle is over for ever.

The Wealth of New York.

We had occasion last week to make some remarks upon the commercial greatness of New York, as compared with other large cities of this country. We trust this was done in no boastful spirit, but simply for the purpose of showing the wonderful growing wealth of what bids fair in time to become the metropolis of the world.

Our attention has been awakened to a new phase of the same subject, by a document received by the Board of Supervisors, from the State Comptroller, showing at a glance the amount of property, real and personal, subjected to tax in the county of New York. It foots up to the very respectable sum of \$532,903,476.

This estimate may be considered as entirely reliable, from the fact that the tax list has been revised within the year by a special law of the Legislature. This body, somewhat less than a year ago, created a Board of State Assessors, with power to correct the then assessments of real estate, so as to equalize counties. The result of this has been that some counties through the state have had their tax list reduced, while the great majority have been made to disburse more than under the old plan, when the valuations were made by the different Boards of Supervisors.

The necessity of this law became apparent from the fact that many of the counties through the state were getting off with from twenty-five to one hundred per cent less than their just indebtedness.

The city and county of New York was increased somewhat less than two millions, or a rise in the real estate alone forms \$368,373,948 to \$370,054,782, this being more than one-third of all the taxable real estate of the State.

On this sum the city pays a State tax of two-and-a-half mills on the dollar, which amounts in the aggregate to \$1,332,258.

Besides this, New York City pays from eleven to twelve millions annually for the support of a city government. Putting these items together a pretty fair conclusion can be arrived at that New York City is getting along, and bids fair in time to be a prosperous town.

Sunday Amusements.

If our memory serves us right, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a Sabbatarian. If we are wrong, we beg to be corrected, but working on the principle that our first belief is right, how does the reverend gentleman harmonize his theory with his practice?

Last Sunday week, he preached, or shall we make a saving clause and say lectured, to a select audience of a few thousands at his own church, who were so highly delighted at the humorous allusions and comic remarks of the speaker, that they gave way to open approbation, by laughing heartily, and such other demonstrations as a "select audience" could give way to, without making too much racket.

In the first place we cannot exactly see anything in the subject "The Harper's Ferry Insurrection" for humorous illustration. We confess that we have not yet been able to regard the matter from a comic point of view, but with the immense genius of the Rev. Henry, we presume anything can be done. That point therefore is granted, and we have only to go on to the definition of Sabbath amusements.

Is there any difference, literally, between the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher by the force of his popularity as a lecturer, more than his position as an expounder of the word of God, drawing together an audience to laugh on Sunday evening, than there is in a favorite actor doing the same. We must be pardoned for saying that we regard the actor in the best light. He deals only with profane subjects, and is justified in treating them profanely. But when the minister of the gospel treats sacred subjects with levity, he deserves the utter condemnation of all, even of those who disrespect the great truths he teaches.

More than this, we sincerely believe that the demoralization of listening to such a discourse, is even greater than the measure claimed by Sabbatarians, as proceeding from attendance upon dramatic representations, or Sunday evening concerts. Aye! even though they be mingled with lager bier and schnapse. If we enter the sacred walls of a church, we go to be taught, not amused. If we want to laugh and become uproarious, there are other spots more suited to such demonstrations.

We hope the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his laughing congregation will see the justice of our remarks, and reform it altogether.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington, dated November 17, recently informed us that: "Several suspected persons, mostly Northern педâles, have been recently arrested at Culpepper Court-house, and there appears to be an intention to place in confinement all who do not give a good account of themselves." Fortunate Virginia. No mere vagabonds at large; for who ever heard of a gentleman amenable to the "vag" act who could give a good account of himself. No more teatable goings at large—they never give good accounts of anything. No more stamp orators lying around loose: their accounts of themselves and what they mean to do for their constituents are always too ornamental to be good. No more politicians, no more anything. We don't believe that the Old Dominion folks are really worse than other people, but we do fear that if this rule be strictly carried out, the whole State must retire into jail winter quarters.

The New York Tribune, in speaking of Signor Amadio, says: "We seriously advise this baritone to take care of a very fine gift, which is now in doubtful order and training." As the nature of the gift is in no way specified, we can only conclude that some body has been giving Amadio a horse. It cannot be of Amadio's own vocal powers that the critic thus speaks like a jockey—for who would look such a gift horse in the mouth?

There is a firm in Troy, New York, which, instead of signing the names of the firm, affix a couple of photographs a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life-like delineation of the features of the senior, and the other that of the junior member of the firm. If photographs should take the place

of autographs, that which is now called the face of a note will acquire a new significance.

Speaking of one hundred thousand odd arrests in New York, a contemporary informs us that as ninety-one thousand were for offenses against the public peace, and only nineteen thousand against property, therefore eighty-two per cent of the total arrests were not caused by want. Considering the portion of arrested whose honest defense would be the "want to kick up a shindy," or "want to go on a bender," this statement seems weak in the joints. Seriously speaking, however, when we remember that among the poorer classes and those most liable to arrest excitement or amusement is far more of a desideratum than to those who live in luxury, we may well question whether those are not wants which may rank with the deprivation even of articles of necessity? You, sir, who with your wife or friends occasionally roll around to your opera box, have a very inadequate idea of what amusement or excitement is to any one who finds in it the means of forgetting hunger, bad lodging, domestic misery; when, as is often the case, young and poor people go without a meal in order to enjoy a "blood and thunder" melodrama, we may rest assured that there too is a real want, demanding in some form or other the attention and care of the charitable.

The Boston Transcript, speaking of the State poisoner and Commonwealth ruse-miller, Burham, misprints his name Burnham. Make it Burnham at once. He did burn them beyond all doubt; burn them internally with bad liquor, burn them externally with humbug, singed them with Shanghai feathers, and scorched them in every way. Meanwhile Burham will do very well.

"Fresh troubles in Mexico"—pronunciamiento—general alarms—Alvaro routed—"vot a country! vot a beeps!" It is seriously a matter of occasional wonder to those who follow the news, whether anybody in Mexico knows anything at all about anything or anybody by this time, and whether the politics of that unhappy country are not by this time reduced to the simple Irish rule, "when ye see a head, hit it." This we do know for certain, that a few years ago, when a distinguished Mexican politician and soldier was in the United States, an American gentleman, who had by Herculean industry succeeded in getting some insight into the recent history of the land of the Montezumas, called on the General to obtain information as to a few events. The swarthy Mexican listened at first with politeness, then with amazement, and finally burst out with "Caramba! My dear sir, you know five hundred times as much as about de whole matter as all de peoples in Mexico put together."

The great picture of Washington at Home, by Rossetti and Mignot, is now submitted to public view. Of this noble performance the Evening Post speaks in terms highly eulogistic of both the artists.

Mr. Howe, an artist of decided merit, is among the few young painters of our city whose works excite a lively interest among connoisseurs. His pictures in the last exhibition won the approbation of the author of a Critical Guide to the National Academy, a work which the artists ascribe to Judge Whitley, of Hoboken, a well known writer on art in the Home Journal, the Herald and some of the magazines.

Palmer's White Captive.—With all due deference to the admirers of Powers and Page, we submit that this beautiful and life-like statue places these great artists in eclipse. It has taken the city by surprise; the exhibition room of Mr. Schaus is daily crowded by a class of visitors who rarely visit exhibitions of works of art without a previous assurance of their being from a master hand.

An artist who has recently returned from Europe, brings with him a valuable manuscript on the artists of the Emerald Isle. We recommend the artist to have an interview with the editor of the Metropolitan Record, or some other green hebdomadal.

Mr. Sontag's "Dream of Italy," so redolent of his style, has its admirers among the picture-loving people of the city. Of course as it is a dream, this clever artist will not wouch for its being an actual scene. We have a few artists, we believe, who have given us reveries of Italian scenery, without having been east of Sandy Hook. Mr. Sontag, though in a clairvoyant state when he wrought this noble picture, is not among the tribe.

Personal.

Theodore Parker's health is much improved. He has just left Geneva for Rome.

The Cologne Gazette states that a fire recently broke out at Husinec, in Bohemia, the birthplace of John Huss. In about an hour thirty-two houses were destroyed, and among them the house in which the great reformer was born. Fifty-five families have lost all they possessed by this calamity.

MEASURES are being taken to raise a fund for the education of two of John Brown's daughters at the school of Theodore D. Weld, in Eagleswood, New Jersey.

M. Scamyl lately read at the Théâtre Français a piece in three acts, which was only received on condition of being altered. M. Scribe took in good part this decision, which almost amounted to disapprobation. He has since withdrawn the piece, declaring, with the best grace, that the reading which he had given had made him of the same opinion as those who had partially condemned the piece.

THE HON. MR. AND MRS. NORTON were together for the first time in severa years, at the funeral of their son, who was buried according to the Roman Catholic ceremonial, at Wakefield, England, on the 23d ult. They dined together, and Mr. Norton paid his afflicted wife every attention. The hope is expressed that the mournful event may result in their reconciliation.

A YOUNG lady of Edgefield, S. C., recently attended a family soirée as "The Evening News." One who was there describes her dress—made entirely of newspapers—as being unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by candle-light a resemblance to the richest brocade, so skilful was the arrangement of its columns.

It is the opinion of people who are competent to judge, that Gerrit Smith will be entirely restored to mental health, and that his bodily health will also be re-established. So prostrated was he when he arrived at Utica, that it was the opinion of his physicians that he would not have survived forty-eight hours had he remained at his home.

LAST week a burlesque called "Norma," was brought out at Laura Keene's Theatre, in this city. The Tribune critic, in his account of the piece, says, "Miss MacCarthy, who played Polla, warbled most delicate blandishments." The "cricket" in the Daily News must look to his laurels.

SCAMYL, it appears, is a wit as well as a prophet. A high personage asked him what he thought of Russia. He answered that it was a great country, with such marvellously rich cities and grand monuments, that he could not understand how so great account should be made of the conquests of a few hawks in their mountains. The Grand Duke Constantine received him in his marble palace in St. Petersburg. Scamyl was much struck by the beauty of the Grand Duchess, and asked the Grand Duke if all his children were by her. On leaving, Constantine gave him a richly bound copy of the Koran. At the Governor's ball at Kharkov, the first ball Scamyl had seen, he was much impressed with the beauty of the ladies. He was asked how he was pleased, and replied: "You will not go to Paradise, you have here on earth a more beautiful Paradise than Mohammed has promised us in heaven."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Canada brings five days' later news. The Great Eastern arrived at Southampton on the 4th of November. Her performance was most satisfactory. Her greatest speed was eighteen miles an hour.

England and France have agreed upon a basis for the settlement of the Italian question. A Congress for that purpose will be shortly held.

The French contingent for the Chinese expedition is preparing to sail. The English force is to be 10,000 men.

The Pope consents to grant certain reforms if the Romagna will return to their allegiance. In this lies the difficulty.

Bosporus was being strongly fortified.

The cholera had broken out among the French troops destined for Morocco.

LITERATURE.

We have received from E. H. BUTLER & CO. Howe's Ladies' Reader, Prose and Poetry; by John W. S. Howe. This volume is designed for the use of ladies' schools and family reading circles. It contains beside selections in poetry and prose from the standard authors, the essential rules of elocution, simplified and arranged strictly for practical use by Mr. Howe, whose reputation as a professor of elocution is of the very highest character. Any work on the subject coming from such a source will be unquestionably received as an authority and estimated accordingly. Many of our most eloquent speakers and earnest preachers owe the force and elegance of their style of delivery to the advantages of Professor Howe's instruction.

The contents of the Ladies' Reader give evidence of the refined taste and the ripe and critical judgment of the compiler. The selections in the variety of their expression, in their well-considered contrasts, in their undisputed literary excellence, and in their perfect suitability to the end desired, prove conclusively the thorough practical experience he has brought to bear upon the accomplishment of his task. It is emphatically the best work of the class that we have seen—the best considered, the best arranged and the most tasteful, and on these facts we cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

TICKNOR & FIELDS has sent us *Tom Brown at Oxford*, by Thomas Hughes.

This is a sequel to "School Days at Rugby," one of the most charming of modern books and one which every one should read. The present work, "Tom Brown at Oxford," carries out the school life of the hero of the previous work, and is in every way as interesting and truthful. It is published in monthly parts, and the first number is before us, and it is a perfect portraiture of college life, with all its lights and shades, and will revive old memories in hundreds of hearts.

We perceive that Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS are bringing out a handsome holiday edition of "School Days at Rugby." This should be read first in order to thoroughly enjoy "Tom Brown at Oxford."

TICKNOR & FIELDS have also sent us *Three Years of a Soldier's Life in India*, edited by the Rev. George H. Hodson, M. A. This is a work which even in America will be received, as it was in England, with profound respect, and read with absorbing interest, for it is the life history of a noble soldier, a Christian and a gentleman—one who served his country unto death, and his God through life—admirable, affectionate and loyal in every relation—a hero in battle and in affliction, with a conscience as bright as steel and a heart as pure as gold—a man in the broadest acceptance of the word, of whom humanity should be proud.

In that terrible Indian mutiny, whose inhuman horrors sent a cold thrill of terror through the whole civilized world, no name stands more prominently forward for admiration and respect than that of Major W. S. R. Hodson, of the First Bengal European Fusiliers, Commandant of Hodson's Horse. His deeds of personal daring, endurance and sacrifice have been chronicled again and again, until his name has become as familiar as those of Havelock, Lawrence and Campbell.

The present volume contains the history of this soldier's career in India from the time he joined the Second Grenadiers until he received his death wound in the assault upon the Begum's Palace at Lucknow. The work is compiled from his own letters by his brother, the Rev. George H. Hodson, and includes a personal narrative of the siege of Delhi and the capture of the king and princes by Major Hodson. We have rarely read a work of more deep and sustained interest; beside it works of fiction are weak and tame, and their heroes but things of straw compared with him, who with honors and fame awaiting him, in the full flush of manhood, blessed with the tenderest of home affections still twining around his heart, could say as he lay in mortal agony—"It is hard to leave the world just now, when success is so near, but God's will be done. Bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty to man. May God forgive my sins for Christ's sake. I go to my Father. My love to my wife—tell her my last thoughts were of her—Lord receive my soul!" So passed away this pure and chivalric spirit. Trusting in death as he had been true in life.

The American Stair Builder, by W. P. Estabrook and J. H. Monckton. Published by the authors by BAKER & GODWIN. This work contains a complete exposition of the whole subject of stairs—constructing staircases and hand-rails in an entirely new and original manner. The subject is illustrated by eighteen large plates, containing some two hundred and fifty figures, with ample and detailed explanations. The Scientific American thus endorses The American Stair Builder: "It is an exposition of the whole subject, illustrated with numerous diagrams and plates, and presents an experience of twenty-five years' practice in the art."

MUSICAL.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The appearance of Madame Albertini in the character of Leonora in "Il Trovatore" gave birth to the first genuine enthusiasm which has greeted the efforts of the artists at the Academy of Music this season. Colson, that splendid artist, has made her mark by repeated evidences of superior excellence, but she did not burst upon the audience and compel a demonstration of delight. Albertini effected this by the magnetism of her manner, and by her really brilliant singing. She is an artist of the La Grange school; her compass of voice is considerable, but of its quality we cannot speak positively, as she has been suffering from troublesome cold, but we should think that it is younger and fresher than that of Madame La Grange. Her execution is rapid and accurate, and her school is undoubtedly excellent. She is an admirable actress, and in all she does exhibits intelligence, earnestness and passion.

There can be no doubt but that her debut was an unequivocal success, and that she will become a great public favorite.

The tenor, Beancardé, assisted to swell the enthusiasm by his most exquisite singing. In the miserere he fairly enraptured the audience, and justified the managerial announcement, that he has moments of inspiration.

The present excitement at the Academy of Music is the production of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico." The cast is very strong, comprising the following admirable artists: Madames Colson, Gazzaniga, Strakosch, Berkel and Signori; Stigelli, Ferri, Juncs, Amadio, with a host of secondary artists, a chorus of one hundred voices, and the grand orchestra, Carl Bergman directing. It is an occasion which all lovers of music will rejoice in, and we hope to see it well supported.

The next occasion of interest will be the appearance of Miss Adeline Patti, who is announced to make her debut in a very short time.

THE DAYTON PARLOR OPERA HOUSE.—The removal of the Daytons to their new location has been a decided improvement in the attendance. They have produced new pieces which have met with decided success, and we have no doubt that the genuine appreciation of their artistic efforts by the public, will induce them to prolong their stay in New York during the whole winter. We commend the performances of these excellent artists to the patronage of the public. In another column our readers will find a characteristic picture of the Daytons, with an amusing sketch of their career. The portraits are admirable.

MR. SAM COWELL.—We notice the arrival of Mr. Sam Cowell in this city from London. His reputation as a humorist has reached this country through the English press. His entertainments are highly praised for their general pleasing and amusing character. He is announced to appear shortly in his mirthful and characteristic musical mélange, assisted by a troupe of talented conditores.

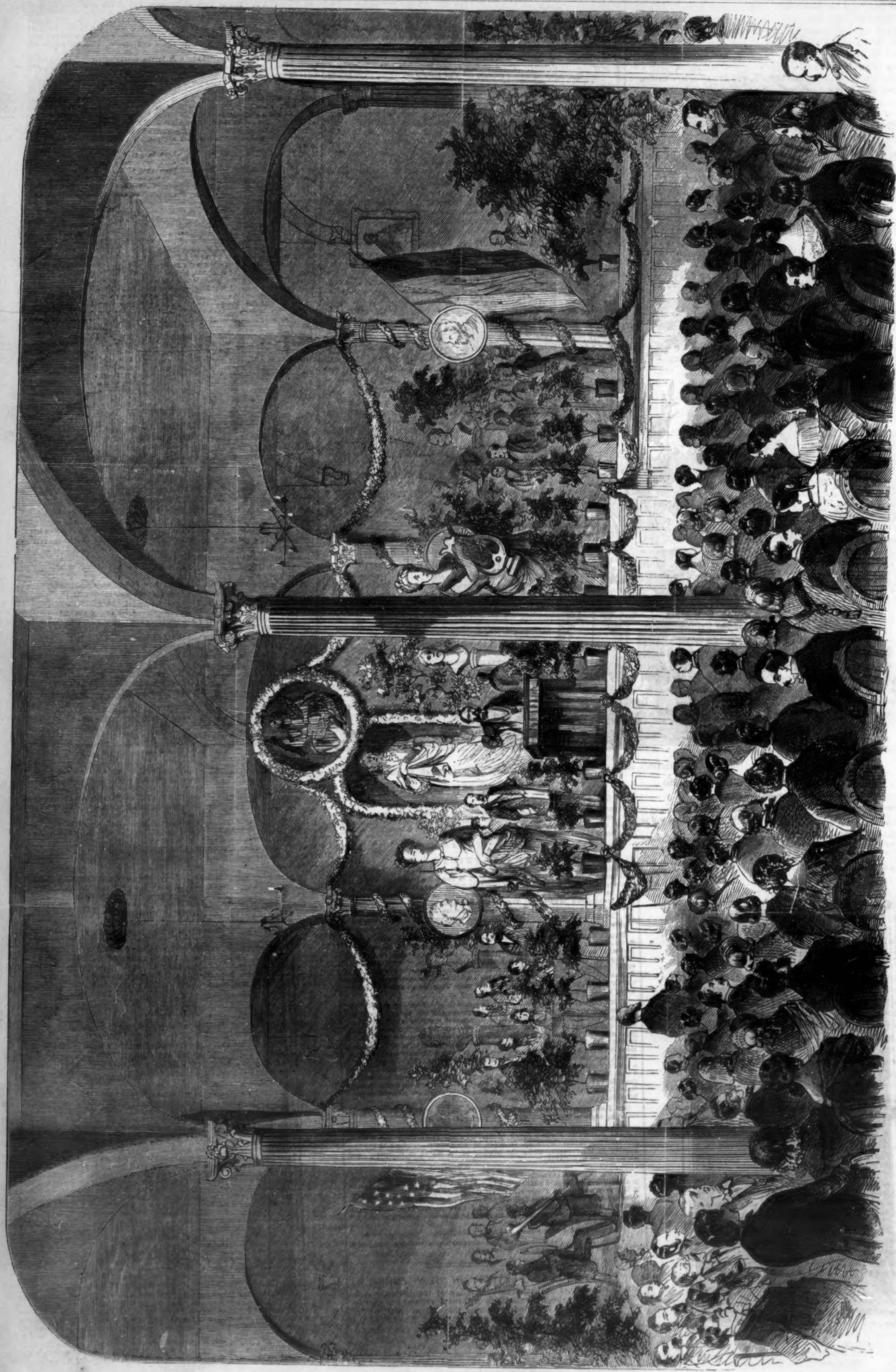
HOBOKEN IN THE FIELD.—Although we have not heard of any project for building an opera-house in our sister city of Hoboken, we hear of operatic doings there. A party of ladies and gentlemen of refined musical taste and good education met together to practice and perform operas and selections of operas. They have had several meetings, and their performances have been very creditable. They enter into the spirit of the music, and throw much enthusiasm into their efforts. We are very glad, for the sake of music, to see endeavors of this kind, and we congratulate the fair ladies Mrs. Brush, Miss Hallgarten, Mayer, &c., upon their success. These pleasant meetings will receive hereafter an additional impulse from the presence of Henry C. Timm, the well-known and admirable musician.

DRAMA.

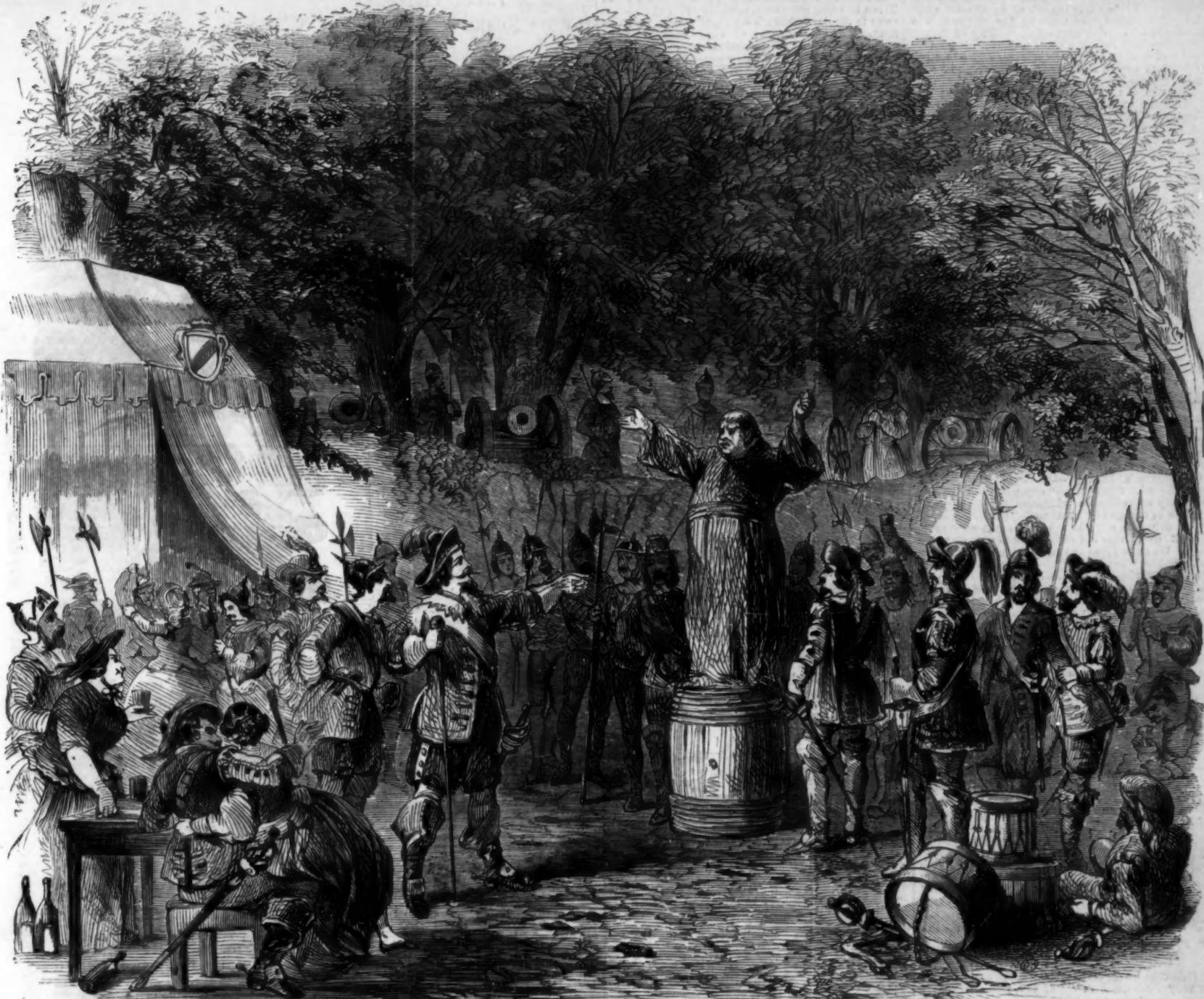
THERE is no theatrical sensation just at present, nor do we see any looming up for the future.

With the exception that a new drama in five acts is underlined at the Winter Garden, the play bills are ominously silent. It may be that the old fashioned plan of a flourish of trumpets beforehand is about to be discontinued, and novelty burst upon us meteor-like. Let it come after that manner it may, it will be welcome.

Miss Keene still plays the "Wife's Secret" to fair houses; and with every representation the piece is acted more smoothly and consequently more effectively. We have always noticed (and speak of it with pleasure) that at the theatre the longer a piece is played the better it is played; there is never any hurrying through, omitting words and sentences, or other exhibitions of weariness on the part of the performers; but each and all seem to act as though aware that however hackneyed the play may be to themselves, it is a novelty to the majority of the audience. Other managers might take a lesson from this conscientious conduct towards their patrons on the part of Miss Keene, for on one or two occasions, at a rival house, that it is not worth while to mention at present, after having been charmed with a play in its first performance, we have taken friends to see it later in its career, and found that the performers merely walked their parts without energy and



THE GREAT SALOON OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE, DURING THE ORATION OF THE SCHILLER FESTIVAL, NOVEMBER 10, 1859.



SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S DRAMA, "WALLENSTEIN'S LAGER," AS PERFORMED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NOV. 10, 1859

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

G. D. C.—Three, of course.

PHELAN CANED BY TIEMAN.—Mr. Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, has presented Mr. Phelan with a gold mounted cane of a rare and handsome description, as a token of his esteem and friendship. The head of the cane is tastefully carved, and bears the following inscription:

PHIL. TIEMAN

MICHAEL PHELAN.

The cane itself forms a billiard one and is of lancewood, beautifully polished and inlaid. Though highly ornamented, it is none the less capable of being made useful; and an application of it would bring conviction in a head of the very hardest description. It would be exceedingly eloquent in any argument of a knock-down tendency. The recipient hopes he may never be in any position which would oblige him to have recourse to its ananswering logic. Mr. Tieman may rest assured that the dunces will never let it slip through his fingers.

BILLIARD IN ENGLAND AND IN AMERICA.—An English gentleman, lately arrived in this country, remarked to us some evenings since, that he was astonished to find what an immense development the game of billiards has taken in America. "Why, sir," said he, "billiards has attained the position of a national game in this country. As far as billiards are concerned, you are far ahead of us in England." "Oh," said a friend who was standing by, an enthusiastic son of our Brother Jonathan, "billiards is not the only thing we go ahead of you in. Going ahead as American institution."

MATCHMAKING.—Another evidence of the growth of billiards in America and the position it occupies, not only as an amusement but as an artistic and amicable test of scientific skill, is the number of matches which are being made throughout the country. The press, ever on the alert to seize the subjects which fix the attention of the public, now add the great power of their publicity to the spread of the game. The refining character of this amusement is shown by the gentlemanly manner in which those contests are conducted, and the total absence of quarrelling or disputes. The billiard table is a greater instrument of civilization than many philanthropic agencies of which a vast deal of noise is made. The tendency of this amusement is to make a man thoughtful, and to educate him into that gentlemanly coolness, kind forbearance and courteous behavior which is so great an element of good breeding.

MR. KAVANAGH AND MR. DIONNE.—Mr. Dionne, of Canada, has sent the following reply to Mr. Dudley Kavanagh's invitation to billiard:

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1859.

"The Editors of *Porter's Spirit of the Times* are respectfully requested to give insertion to the following, in reply to an article contained in the last number of their paper, under the heading of 'A Match in Prospect,' and which relates to billiards:

Montreal, November 7, 1859.

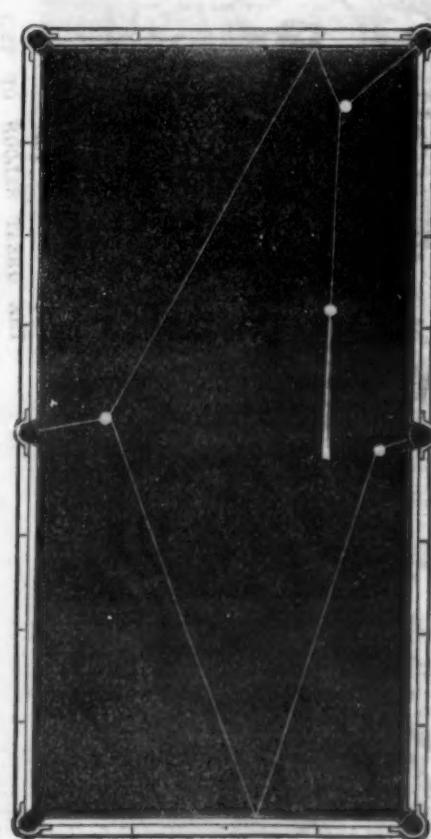
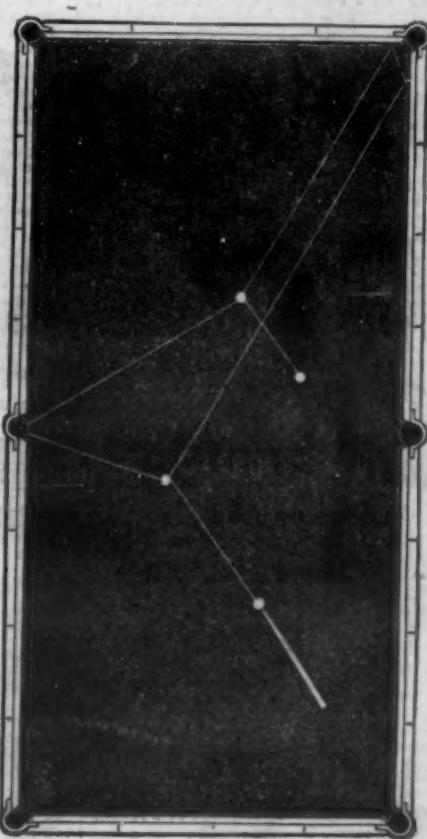
"To MR. DUDLEY KAVANAGH, NEW YORK.—My Dear Sir—I beg to inform you, in answer to your billiard challenge, which I have just observed with pleasure in last week's edition of *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, that although I have no recollection of intimating the desire to any of my friends, or others, of wishing to play a match at billiards with you, yet I have no hesitation in accepting your proposal so soon as my health and circumstances will permit, of which I shall not fail to inform you hereafter.

"Please accept my best wishes, and believe me yours, JOSEPH DIONNE."

We hope that Mr. Dionne's health and circumstances will soon admit of a trial of skill between him and Mr. Kavanagh.

THE SCHILLER FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The celebration of the hundredth birthday of the German poet, Friedrich Schiller, began on the 10th of November, and was carried out on a scale and in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the patriotism and taste of our German fellow-citizens. The hall of the Cooper Institute was devoted to the first ceremonies, and was magnificently and appropriately adorned for the purpose by the committee of the Schiller Union, under direction of Mr. Plessmann. The columns rising from the stage were gracefully wreathed with flowers, among which were placed medallions bearing, in relief, the busts of Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare and Ariosto; while the outer

THIRTEEN SHOT.
Made by W. A. F., Philadelphia.ELEVEN SHOT.
Made by A. B. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

opened the ceremonies with an excellent oration, in which, without extravagant or bombastic eulogium, full justice was done to the merits of the great poet. To this succeeded reading of letters from President Buchanan and others, followed by a critical oration by Dr. Schramm, and addresses by William Cullen Bryant, Dr. Wiesner and Judge Daly.

Between the speeches of Messrs. Bryant and Wiesner the orchestra performed the overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser" in most excellent style, the performance concluding with the Wedding March from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Mendelssohn.

The celebration of the Schiller Festival in the Academy of Music was, perhaps, one of the most brilliant ceremonies of the kind ever witnessed in this country. Long before the time appointed for the beginning of the performances, the house was crowded with an audience which, though dense as possible, manifested all that decorum so peculiar to Germans in public assemblies, and which became "quiet as sleep" when an excellent orchestra struck up the appropriately chosen overture to "Egmont." The curtain rose, displaying a most artistically arranged living picture. In the foreground was Miss Grahn, in antique Greek dress, surrounded by ladies bearing garlands and gracefully attired. Having repeated the prize poem, written for the occasion, Miss Grahn placed a wreath on the bust of Schiller, placed on a pedestal, at whose base rested three graceful figures, representing Apollo and the Tragic and Comic Muses. As the group was formed, and as the chorus of ladies raised their voices in the air from "Lohengrin," the enthusiasm of the audience could no longer be restrained; they burst into thunders of applause. After a short pause began a new series of tableaux, representing scenes from Schiller's dramas. Between the fourth and fifth of these intervened "Wallenstein's Lager"—the word *lager*, be it remembered, signifying "camp," and having positively no reference whatever to the popular German beverage of that name. The performance of this dramatic episode is regarded as extremely difficult, but, under the circumstances, it was well done. We have given a sketch of the most striking scene in the "Lager," representing the Capuchin priest delivering his eccentric sermon. The performances concluded by a grand tableau, embracing the principal figures of Schiller's plays, which was received with a storm of applause by the audience, who left evidently delighted with all which they had witnessed. The deep interest displayed in a ceremony of so purely a literary and artistic nature by so large an audience, and the remarkable earnestness of their approbation, afforded striking proofs of the high degree of intellectual culture which prevails among the Germans of New York.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

"How old did you say your sister was?" "Twenty-five." "You must be mistaken; I was under the impression she was only twenty." "She wears hoop skirts, doesn't she?" "From appearances I should say she did." "Well, then, twenty-five springs at least have passed over her head."

"Waiter," said Hood once at a Brighton hotel, "I'll get you a place in London as a first-rate packer." "Packer, sir!" said the astonished waiter, with the white cloth under his arm slightly agitated, "I never learned to pack." "All the better," replied Tom; "It's a natural gift; for see how you have packed my bottle of wine in a pint decanter."

"GOING to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger to my figger, no mor'n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus' clothes fitted 'xactly."

A LAWYER at Rome asked a priest, "What is the difference between a priest and a donkey?" and upon the latter giving it up, the lawyer replied, "The one wears the cross on his breast, and the other on his back." "Very true," said the priest, "but can you tell me the difference between a lawyer and a donkey?" "No, I cannot," was the reply. "No more can I," said the priest.

SCANDAL, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams; but it's extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

"Talking about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," said Simson, "why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Ross, planted one acre of it with potatoes and the other with corn." "I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simson," remarked the listener. "How could you plant two?" "Very easily, sir; I stood it up on end, and planted both sides of it."

For the type of Venetian beauty, we must look among the lower classes, and there are found the prettiest women and maidens of Italy, perhaps of the whole world. Their hair is blonde, with a golden tint, and there are many who have black eyes with this fair hair. Their features are regular and delicate, their skin white and thin, their figures graceful, and their feet small. They have a nobleness of bearing, which is often wanting in the ladies of the aristocracy.

A COURSE OF SPROUTS.—Virginia duels, so common now-a-days, are only tender shoots.

CABBAGE HAVANAS.—A gentleman who was handed rather a dubious cigar to smoke, said: "This would be excellent with a bit of corned beef."

UNPARDONABLY FORGETFUL.—"Clara, who did you say your friend Fanny married?" "Well, she married four millions, I forget his other name."

A PARAGRAPH FOR A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.—The following paragraph descriptive of the great "mill" between Tom Sayers and Bob Brettle appeared in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, copied from *Bell's Life*:

"On coming up there was no mark of Bob's visitation on Tom's jaw, but the effect of Tom's blow on Bob's mazzard and eye was very visible. His conk and left peeper were swollen, and the claret was still visible from his whistletrap. Bob's beak and mouth showed that Tom had been there; he, however, dashed in, and heavy exchanges took place, Tom getting on to the left peeper, and Bob on the body. Bob now broke away, and resorted to his cunning peripatetic dodge, but Tom only grinned and waited for him. At length Bob dashed in and got on the chest very slightly, Tom returning well on the kiss."

DOUGLAS JERROLD calls woman's arms "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his resolutions."

SPARROWS FROM ENGLAND TO NEW-ZEALAND.—Three hundred sparrows, selected from the hedge-rows in England, have been lately sent to New Zealand. The necessity of small birds, to keep down the grubs that devastate the crops in that colony, has long been felt. The farmer is beset by myriads of caterpillars. Should the sparrows become acclimated and multiply, the greatest benefit will have been conferred upon the country. And so would a great benefit be conferred on this country, if it would stop its wicked warfare upon the dear little birds which enliven our homesteads, and which the Vandals are rapidly destroying—in fact, have already nearly obliterated from the country several varieties, once so common, and ever so beneficial to the farmer.

SIR WILLIAM CHERE had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown. During this time Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application of his handkerchief necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and at the same time in a very bad humor with the game, the general said, "Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," said Sir William; "it is as near you as me."

It is said that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in so-lacing herself she is getting tight.

A FARMER charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning!" said the man, "do you expect a man to breathe musk roses for six dollars a month?"

JONES had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late, or rather an early hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one—one!" hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order; it has struck one four times."

CRICKETING for the nursery: give a child a bat and it'll ball.

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FOR DECEMBER, 1859.

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Portrait of Garibaldi

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Voyage of the Atlantic Balloon—The Car of the Atlantic touches the Water of the Lake; La Mountain catches hold of the Branches of a Tree, fastens the Balloon to a Spruce Tree, and then abandons it; the Voyagers commence their Return Journey; they find a Marten Trap in the Clearing; La Mountain throws away his Hat and tears his Fante; they pole across the Creek on a single Log, catch two White Frogs and eat them; the Raft upsets and Mr. Haddock swims ashore, they seek Warmth under some Straw in a Cabin, and erect a Signal on the bank of the Creek; La Mountain about to devour a raw Duck, when the Voyagers discover the Log Hut of Mr. Cameron, who receives them hospitably.

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